JOHN BULL, MARCH 5, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1342.

WHY WE JAIL OUR HUSBANDS SEE PAGES 22 & 23

JOHN BULL

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 222

FREE! SPECIAL OFFER.

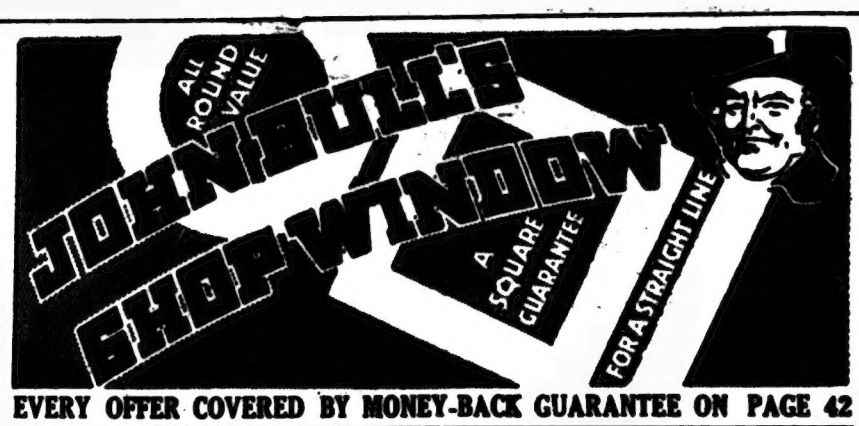
Splendid Lightweight Mac FREE to 1,000 Purchasers of our Famous B.B. South African Field Boot. The finest ever made—THREE BEST ENGLISH LEATHER SOLES with WATERPROOF Middle Layer. Leather lining right through. Full double Waterproof Tongue. Uppers of FULL CHROME Black Box Calf or Tan. A high-grade boot of finest workmanship. Also no-Cap Boot.
FREE Mac is of finest Indiana cotton, proofed pure rubber. State chest measurement.

Quote X 32 when ordering. **12/6**, Post 1/- extra.
Sizes 5 to 10 (11, 1/- extra, 12 and 13, 2/- extra).

Club Agents Wanted. Write for particulars.

BOLSOM BROS. (Dept. P.J.) 157/8, STRAND, LONDON.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 42

TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

O'Brien LTD. Dept. 3 COVENTRY

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

ARMY HUTS PAVILIONS BUNGALOWS GARAGES etc., etc.

A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. Six sections to bolt together. ⅞ in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

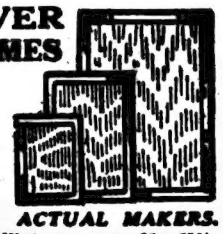
Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£5 . 19 . 6	of 10/4	of 5/6
8 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 . 1 . 6	of 14/3	of 7/6
10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£6 . 6 . 6	of £1/2/3	of 11/7

Carriage Paid. Send for large Free Book No. 66 of over 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

Works open till 5 p.m. Saturdays.

J. THORN & SONS (Box 66), Brampton-rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

SOLID SILVER PHOTO FRAMES



Hall-marked
ALL BRITISH
These make CHARMING GIFTS for Easter, Birthday and Wedding presents that adorn any room. Pure Silver Rims with solid beautifully ebonised backs. Supplied direct from works.

GUARANTEED BY ACTUAL MAKERS.
A FULL-WORTH VALUE that saves you 25 to 50%.

Sizes:— Kodak (4 × 3) **4/-** Postcard (6 × 4) **5/-** Cabinet (9 × 6) **8/-**

POST FREE: Money back if not satisfied. Orders and remittances to:

"FULL-WORTH" TRADING Co.
Dept. A, 19, Shepherd's Hill, London, N.6.
Distributors for Manufacturers.

GREAT PRAM SALE

GENUINE DAINTICARS REDUCED TO NEARLY HALF PRICE

From **5/9** Mthly.

This model with cycle spoke wheels and cushion Tyres, only **49/6**

De Luxe Model with BALL-BEARING Wheels and SOREX TYRES (or 7/3 Monthly) **79/6**

Other models equally reduced.

Write for Sale Catalogue.

VICTORIA CARRIAGE CO., (Dept. P.54), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

BABY-CLOTHES

A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE
(Everything Necessary).

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Robe, Hab. Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.) your bargain." "Excellent materials." Etc.

30/-

RECENT PURCHASERS WRITE:—"Worth 85/-." "I am highly satisfied, and sure nobody would go to the trouble of making if they knew of

MRS. J. E. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME!

A Riley Billiard Table provides an attraction that makes it simple. There's hours of pleasure for the boys and all the family with a Riley 'Home' Billiard Table. The 6 ft. size is delivered on first deposit of 15/-, balance by monthly instalments. Cash Price £11 15s. 7 days' Free Trial allowed to test the table and Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. Riley's 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Tables are also offered on easy terms. Send for Free Art List containing sizes and prices of all tables. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS ACCRINGTON, and DEPT. 6, 147, Aldersgate St., LONDON, E.C.1.

UKULELE BANJO TUTOR

SEND NO MONEY

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES"
UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone, solidly built, highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/6.

We will send you one of these Southern Isles "real" Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

30/- value for 11/6

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

CASEMENT CURTAINING

FADELESS WITH A GUARANTEE **4¾D** YARD CRETONNES & LACE NETS

SALE **29,500 Yds. 1D**

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

Actual samples of all kinds.

LOVELY FABRICS. Beautiful Colourings.

Pattern Book Post Free.

BRITISH FABRIC FROM BRITISH MILLS

ACTUAL SAMPLES of plain HEMSTITCHED and INSERTED CURTAINING also GUARANTEED FADELESS NET, REPPS, POPLINS, SATIN STRIPES and CRETONNES. **Send P.C. To-day.**

ORDERS COMPLETED IN 48 HOURS.

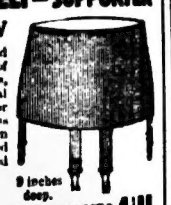
MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

CASEMENT MFG. CO., SUNGLOW MILLS (Dept. J.B.7.) MANCHESTER.

SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A **Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER**

for MEN and WOMEN



This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 206A, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

9 inches deep.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6 11 TO **4'11**

11 inches deep 5 11. Super quality 9 11. Fine quality silk elastic 12 11. Sizes 38-44 - 2 - extra on all.

5,000 GREENHOUSES AND PLANT FRAMES

STRONG WOODEN SHEDS AND POULTRY HOUSES

For EASTER STARTLING REDUCTIONS

GREENHOUSES complete £2:17:6

Poultry Houses 6 ft. by 4 ft. **22/6**

Huts from 27/6 Plant Frames from 8/9

Bungalows, Rustic Houses, Garages, etc.

OUTPUT 1,000 BUILDINGS WEEKLY
ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE

BATH'S, 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Works: Riley Works, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

The Pioneers of Reasonable Priced Greenhouses.

NEW VARICOSE VEIN AND BAD LEGS TREATMENT

Sensational cures of VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, and skin complaints of every description by "VARENCOSE" OINTMENT. Sent under written No Cure—No Pay Guarantee. INSTANTLY TAKES ALL THROBBING, BURNING, STINGING, and STIFFNESS out of the affected parts. Come straight to us for a box of "Varencose" Ointment, when your Leg and Skin troubles will be banished and cured in record time.

COMMENCE YOUR CURE TO-DAY

by sending for 3/- trial size, or Write or Call for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet B, Medical Press opinions, and scores Testimonials. Expert Male and Female Attendants.

LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Plymouth Branch: 4, Athenæum Arcade.

a Boon to Housewives!

THE NEW FIVE PAN FITTING ALUMINIUM STEAMER.

Saves Time, Money, Space.

PRICE 2/11 Post Free

P.O. TO **"BARGAINS," Dept. G, REDGAR, YORKS.**

PING PONG (Table Tennis) FOLDING TABLE TOPS

FULL MATCH SIZE	9' x 5'	30/-
MEDIUM SIZE	8' x 4'	22/6
SMALL SIZE	.... 7' x 3' 6"	20/-

Well made. Rests on any table or on trestles. Hinged in the centre. Folds like draughts board.

Posts & Net, 2 Bats, 3 Balls and Rules in box 4/6.

All goods Carriage Free, Great Britain.

LISTER & CO., (Dept. 12), SAWMILLS, GREENWICH, LONDON, S.E.10.

ALL BRITISH SCOTIA SALE 6 Fold 10½D lb. RUG WOOL

and 1/2½, 1/8, 1/11½ lb. Cable, 1/8 1½. Thrums, 9d. Hose, 1d. Silky, Sports, 1½d. Crochet, 3½d. Fair Isle, 3½d. Designs, 3½d. Rug Frames, 2/6.

1d. P.C. brings 800 Samples. Illustrated Rug Guide, 56 Designs, FREE.

SCOTIA WOOLS

168, NEW BRIDGE ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you so years younger within 30 days. Get it Now.

(Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/9.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 22), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

108 SQ FT *for* ONLY 2/- DOWN

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW-PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-. Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRI-NOLEUM (extra quality).

POST THIS COUPON TO JONES STORES, 51, London Road, Croydon.

Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.6.....

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes: how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

SENT FREE SOLID SILVER

GENT'S WATCH
Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial. On strong leather strap. 25/6. Luminous dial, 2/- extra.

LADY'S WATCH
On Moire Band, similar movement, 24/-. On expanding Solid Silver Bracelet, 29/6.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 2/- discount for cash with order.

Both warranted for 12 years.

7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.,
6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

SPECIAL OFFER

CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines. 30 ft. Red Malacca Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets, 18 in. brass chimney brush.

Carriage Paid **20/-**

Archimedean Drain Cleaner included. *Cash refunded if not satisfied.*

30 ft. 20/-. 40ft. 24/6, 50ft. 31/6, 60ft. 38/6, 70ft. 41/6, 80ft. 48/-, 100ft. 59/6

These are Best Quality. We no longer supply the second quality.

BUCK & HICKLEY (Dept. J.B.14), 185, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

FINEST

ALE or STOUT

Easily made at home from our selected Malt and Hops. Simple directions with each packet. One gal. size, 9d.; 3 gals. size, 1/6; 6 gals. size, 3/6. Post free.

HEAVY HARD WOOD WATER BUTTS, Painted Green, with Large Tap. 120 gals., usually 25/9, now 18/6; 70 gals., usually 20/-, now 11/6; 50 gals., usually 15/-, now 9/6. **CLEAN 5 GALS. GLAZED STONE JARS** (second-hand). Fitted New Corks, for **HOME-MADE WINES, ETC.**, 2 for 5/6, 3 for 7/6, 4 for 9/-, 5 for 10/-, 6 for 15/-, 12 for 30/-

OAK KEGS WITH TAP, fitted Rustless Galvanised Hoops. 2 gals., 3/-; 3 gals., 3/6; 4 gals., 4/-; 6 gals., 10/-.

Carriage forward or small extra charge.

CHARLTON & BAKER, LTD.,
4, Old Spa Rd. Station, London, S.E.16

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS ALL KINDS

GARAGES:
10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
15' x 9' ... £12.1.0

HUTS:
6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated & Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID
DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

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FROM 5/7 Per Month AFTER FIRST PAYMENT

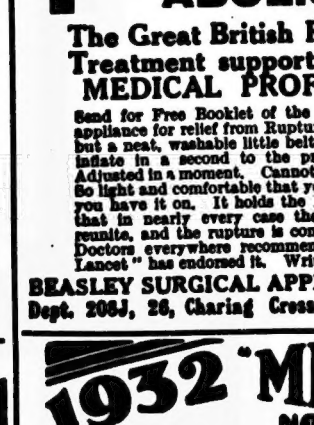
THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Frame, House hold Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
5 ft. x 5 ft. x 6½ ft.	--	£2 1 0	10/6	5/7	
8 ft. x 6 ft. x 6½ ft.	--	£4 11 0	18/11	9/4	
10 ft. x 7 ft. x 7½ ft.	--	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8	

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Robbie Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 46-48, Oxford St.

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS



(1) (2) (3) (4)

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES, polished rich nut brown. 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour. 2 seat cushions, reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats (Pat. No. 356995/30) ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 30/-

Send for new Coloured List J.B.

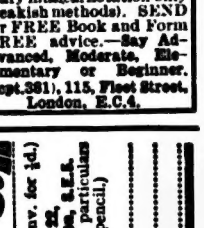
All British.

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co. Ltd.
68, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

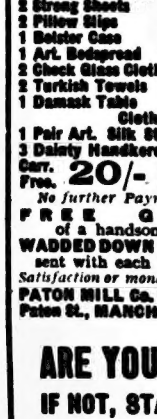
COVER YOUR FLOORS WITH BROADOLEUM

Suitable for Wood, Stone and all Floors. Lies perfectly flat. Requires no fixing. Damp and Rot proof. Non-Staining. Non-Marking.

108 SQ. FT. 15/-



EQUALS 12 SQ. YARDS
Larger Lengths pro rata.
Carr. Paid to any railway station.
Send for Range Free Samples
BROADOLEUM STORES, Dept. J.B.7
2, The Broadway, Catford, S.E.6



7/6

BLUE MELTON POLICE TROUSERS BREECHES

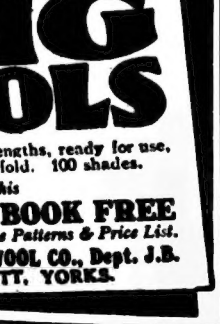
To advertise our 24-page catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer of a pair of guaranteed blue melton trousers for 7/6 or BREECHES with strappings, 8/6. Postage on one or two pairs 9d. Over 40 in. waist, 1/- extra. C.O.D. if preferred.

FAIR WEAR or a pair GIVEN FREE

Cut from surplus Melton overcoating and made up into heavy melton garments as tough as iron, and we guarantee to replace should they fail. Remember cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

PUNCTURE PROOF 3/11



GUARANTEED TWO YEARS

A masterpiece of cycle tyre construction. Punctures defied! 50% more mileage guaranteed! Made by latest Electro-Hydraulic process and fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more roadside delays or messy patching. Thousands sold at 3/6. Shoals of testimonials.

MONEY BACK TERMS
Trial price 3/11, post 7d. Two for 8/3, post paid. Cash or C.O.D.
Trade enquiries invited.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories.
5/- in £ saving.

MOORHOUSES (Dept. 89), Padiham, Lancs.

1D. Brings it

(By sending a postcard) ON 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

The "Swiftsure" VACUUM WASHER with the WONDERFUL BALL VALVE

Delivered Free REDUCED PRICE 2/9 and 4 monthly Payments of 2/6. Cash Price 12/6. MONEY RETURNED if not satisfied.

Saves Hours of Drudgery on Washday. Saves Coal, Gas and Soap. No Wash-boiler, Gas or Electric Power required. Its cost saved in less than a month.

NO BOILING. NO RUBBING.

The "Swiftsure" sucks the Dirt out and does it thoroughly. It abolishes the dread of washing with its laborious toil.

MADE IN ENGLAND.

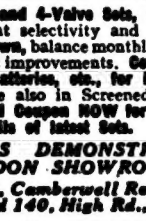
Have this great washing day helper in your home on 14 days' Free Trial. Will Wash Silk Frocks & Jumpers or the dirtiest Engineers' Overalls, Stockings, Underclothing and the heaviest Blankets, Quilts, etc.

GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS.

Write to-day (a postcard will do) asking for a "Swiftsure" Washer to be sent on 14 Days' Free Trial.

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. J.B.) Islington, Liverpool

BARGAINS



DIRECT from WORKS
FREE 14 Days' Trial.
The Latest Model "SWIFTSURE" Combined
TABLE & WRINGER
(WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE SHELF).
ELEGANT AND USEFUL FOR THE KITCHEN OR LIVING ROOM.

Takes up little space, is Rigid, and Will Wring and Mangle large things such as Quilts, Blankets, Sheets, etc. The Large 16in. Rubber Rollers are Guaranteed, & don't break buttons.

Accept this Money Saving offer NOW.

DELIVERED FREE AFTER RECEIPT OF **5/-**
The balance in ten monthly payments of 5/-
CASH PRICE £2.6
Carriage Paid.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Converted in a jiffy into a Useful and Elegant Table, with Hinged Shelf.

The METAL DRAINER is rust proof and directs the water into the Tub. The FOLDING HANDLE does not project when the Wringer is turned under. The COG-GUARDS Protect the fingers and clothes. The TUB can remain on the Stand under table after the wringing and mangling is done.

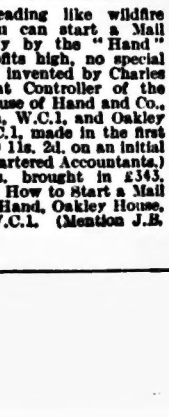
MADE IN ENGLAND. GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS
DON'T DELAY. SEND 5/- TO-DAY
Tub 3/6 extra (if required)

Combined

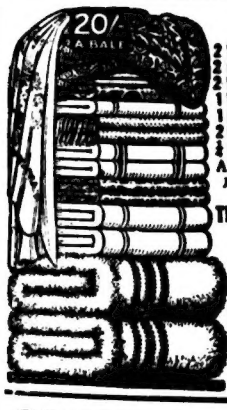
NEEDLE THREADER and THIMBLE

A WOMAN'S INVENTION!

NO more fumbling with needle and cotton, no more eye strain. This clever device is a thimble and needle-threader combined. Instantly threads smallest ordinary or sewing machine needle. Threader slides back into socket (side of thimble) when not wanted. A boon to those with weak sight, and a real time-saver and practical necessity for every housewife. 6d., post 2d., or 3 for 1/6 POST FREE.



Wm. PENN (Dept. 62), 682, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19
Trade Inquiries invited.



SALE!!

2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Cotton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Money back if not satisfied.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.
Cash or C.O.D.
Immediate Delivery.

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each Bale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (HURMAN), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

SALE!

of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
5-Guinea Models for
59/6
(or 5/9 monthly)
3-Speed Model de Luxe for
79/6
(or 7/6 monthly).
Numerous other models at similar reductions.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO., (Dept C. 51) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

GRAVES

SCREENED GRID THREE-VALVE WIRELESS SET

Magnificent self-contained Battery-driven Pedestal Model, made under Marconi Licence. The last word in power and efficiency. Highly selective & far reaching. Beautiful Dark Oak Cabinet 36ins high. Complete with Aerial Outfit—nothing else to buy. Immediate delivery. Carriage Paid £12.10 Terms: 15/- now 15/- monthly. Fullest approval. Catalogues of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains. POST FREE.

SIZE: 20 x 21 x 14ins.

15/- PER MONTH

J. G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

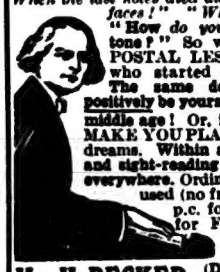
The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 206J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

"They laughed at first—

but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's Immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!*" "*Who was your teacher?*"



"How do you get that lovely singing tone?" So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.* The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and Form for FREE advice.—Say Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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WADDED QUILTS FREE!

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2 Woolly Blankets	80 x 60
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In hanks or in lengths, ready for use. Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

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1932 "MIRACLE" SETS

NOW AVAILABLE AT FACTORY PRICES

Marvellous 2, 3 and 4-Valve Sets, with single dial tuning, great selectivity and remarkable tone, only 10/- down, balance monthly. BRITISH MADE—all latest improvements. Complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. Superlative value also in Screened Grid and Table Sets. Send Coupon NOW for Art Plates and details of latest Sets.

CONTINUOUS DEMONSTRATIONS AT LONDON SHOWROOMS:
77, Camberwell Road, S.E.5, and 140, High Rd., Chiswick.

10/- DOWN & 10/- MONTHLY

COUPON. (Send in unsealed env. for 1d.)
To World's Wireless, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 22, 77, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5.
Please send me Art Plates and particulars (Write in CAPITAL letters, using a pencil.)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
J.B. 22.

ARE YOU MAKING MONEY?

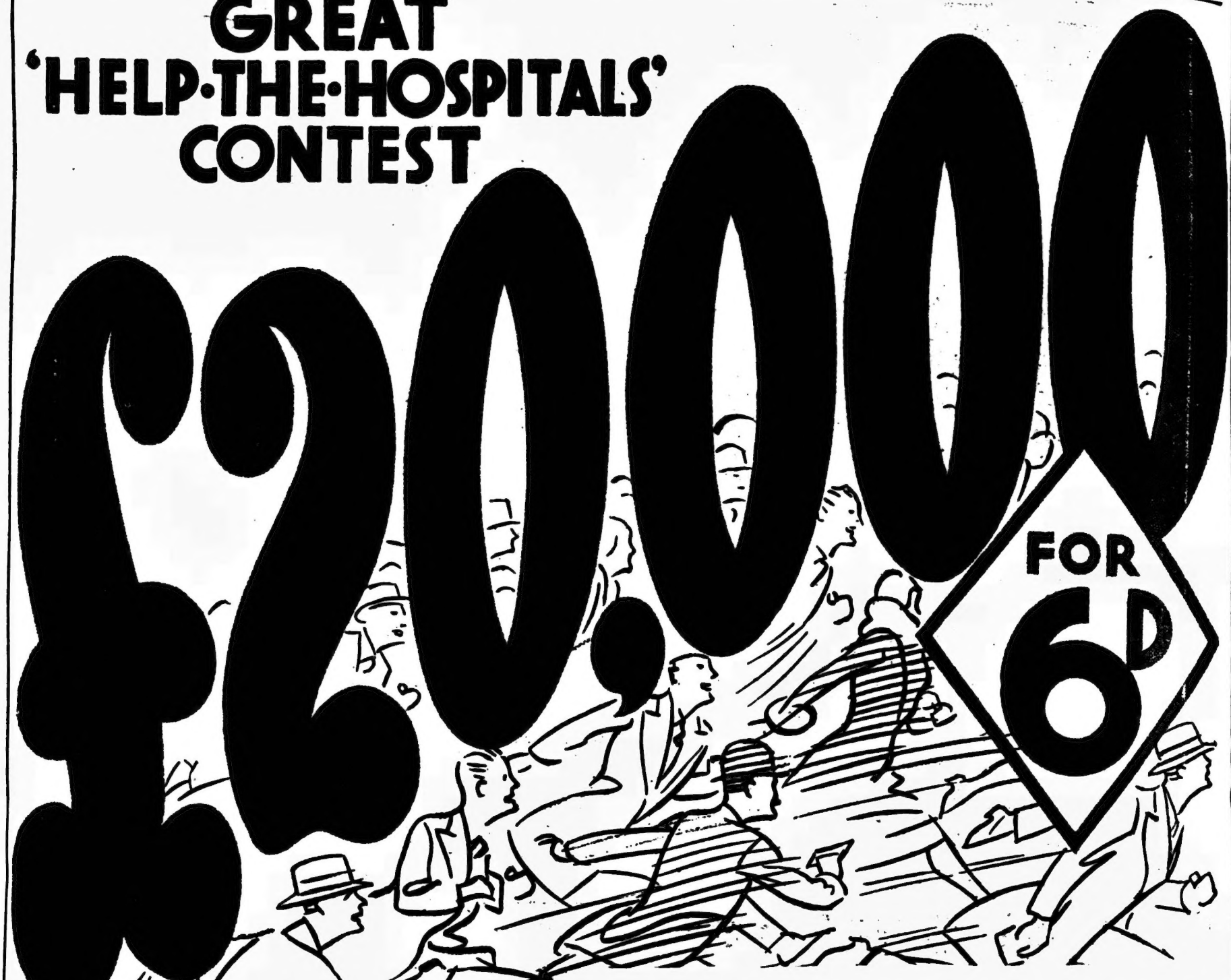
IF NOT, START A POSTAL BUSINESS.

This Firm made £1,720 profit on £14 outlay in first year.

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14. (Certified by Chartered Accountants.) One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

GREAT 'HELP-THE-HOSPITALS' CONTEST

£20,000 FOR 6D



£20,000 for 6d.

MUST BE WON!

GOING! GOING!! GO . . . !!!

The final days of this colossal contest for a world's record first prize are here—and slipping swiftly away! Soon they will be gone and your opportunity of winning the huge sum of £20,000 or £25,000 for 6d. will have disappeared for ever!

It's now or never! The closing date is only a few days off. Don't be too late! Don't risk missing a fortune through neglect to act at once. Now, before you turn over this page, fill in the Entry Form on the right and post it immediately.

Here is all that you are asked to do. Select the best 12 out of the 28 Hospital Slogans given on the Entry Form—just place twelve crosses in each entry column you complete. That is all. **You do not have to put the slogans in any order of merit, and you do not have to send in a claim. Use your brains—judgment and skill in selecting twelve slogans may win you the £20,000 or £25,000.**

Every penny of this prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and every penny of profit goes to the Hospitals. The British Charities Association—organisers of this contest—have already distributed £225,000 to Hospitals and other Charities.

This Contest is open to every reader of "John Bull," and the gigantic first prize of £20,000 must be won. A further £5,000 will be paid to the winner (making £25,000 in all) if he, or she, should be a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald." Think of it—£25,000 for 6d.—a million sixpences for one!

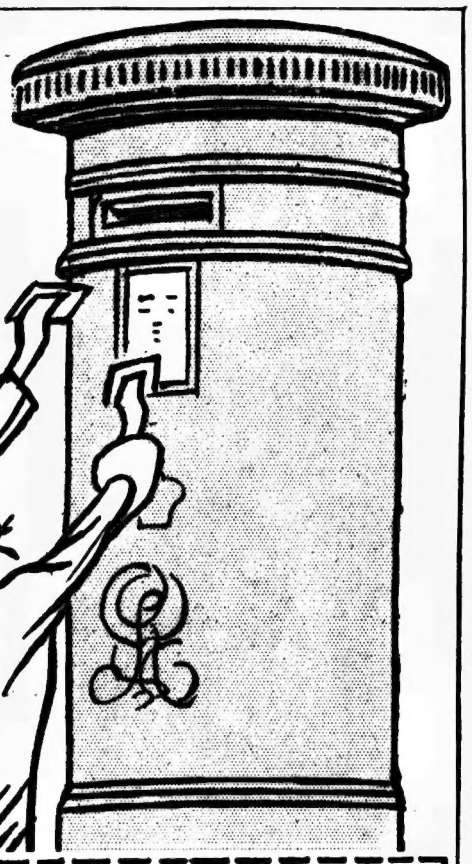
If you have already entered this great contest, send in more entries before it is too late and increase your opportunity of winning. If you have not yet entered, act instantly. Send your entries at once. Every hour brings the end of this great contest nearer. Now, as you read this, you are face to face with the opportunity of winning £20,000 or £25,000 for sixpence. If you miss this opportunity you may never get such another again as long as you live. Hurry and seize it while there is yet time. Take your pen at once and mark those twelve crosses. **It's now or never!**

A Personal Appeal from "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL" makes a personal appeal to you to take advantage of the splendid opportunity before you to-day. This Gigantic "Help-The-Hospitals" Contest, with its First Prize of £20,000 or £25,000 for 6d., is now drawing rapidly to its climax. These are definitely the last few days. The Contest is open to every reader of "John Bull." Readers of this paper, with their wonderful understanding of the great work done by the Hospitals, will, we know, rise magnificently to this memorable occasion and make this National Appeal an overwhelming success.

CLOSING MARCH 12—now

LAST DAYS HURRY!



POST AT ONCE

Great "Daily Herald" Help-the-Hospitals Contest

Organised by The British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st Prize—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."
2nd Prize—£250 : 3rd Prize—£100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE —OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	—To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2	—A little down helps someone up.					
3	—Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4	—There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Mite" of yours.					
5	—They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6	—A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7	—Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8	—To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9	—They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10	—Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11	—"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12	—Give well to make well.					
13	—Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14	—They need more help to help more.					
15	—They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16	—A good prescription—your subscription.					
17	—If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18	—We need your help—you may need ours.					
19	—We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20	—Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21	—The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22	—Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23	—Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24	—The health of each is the concern of all.					
25	—Give and let live.					
26	—Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27	—We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28	—Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.7.

—Cut Along Here—

Address your Entry: (Dept.J.B.7), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Rules and Conditions

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the Subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from No. 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

(5) After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize; the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which the Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date is March 12th, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION

Members of the Council:

Lord Luke (Chairman).
The Duke of Atholl.
The Marquess of Northampton.
The Earl of Macclesfield.
Lord Ebbisham.
Sir George Roberts, Bt.
Sir Harold Wernher.
Sir Gerald Du Maurier.
The Hon. I. St. J. Lawson Johnston.

ALL PROFITS TO THE HOSPITALS

or never!

"DIXIE" DEAN says...

THE FAMOUS EVERTON CENTRE FORWARD AND ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL

"'Clubs' have kicked off well. They should! They have a big kick in them. They are undoubtedly made for men who want a jolly good short smoke for little money. In my opinion they are the best 5 for 2p brand on the market."

W R Dean

'CLUBS'

The cigarettes with a kick in them

The Best 5 FOR 2D *Cigarettes*

38

"John Bull" 5/3/32.

JOHN BULL

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, March 5, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

WHEN will the B.B.C. LEARN!

It will come to this, unless—

IS the B.B.C. never going to learn?

It blunders from mistake to mistake like a stupid child.

With the broadcasting the other night of "The Forsaken City"—a grimly realistic dramatisation of the Plague of London—the B.B.C. committed the crowning blunder of its career.

We can find no shadow of excuse for this harrowing and revolting broadcast.

The story of the Great Plague is one of the most ghastly in English history. And Savoy Hill deliberately sought to reproduce its horrors over the wireless with every circumstance of terror and anguish.

This was no classic work. It was compiled from various narratives by Defoe, Pepys, Nash and Harrison Ainsworth, so that if any blood-curdling episode had been missed by one authority it could be found in another.

Distressed listeners

THOUSANDS of men, women and children listened in real distress to moans and shrieks and mocking laughter.

They heard the woeful chorus: "Bring out your dead!" They were told how three thousand Londoners had died during the week. They heard a voice which blamed God Himself for this fearful visitation.

And just before this amazing broadcast began the B.B.C. had the cynical effrontery to remind readers that they must take out wireless licences under pain of prosecution.

Now, the B.B.C. has the great privilege and the equally great responsibility of playing to a universal audience.

Its broadcasts reach a public not of thousands, but of millions.

Fatuous warning

IT has no "adults only" certificates. Every sentence which it allows to pass the microphone goes echoing from Land's End to John o' Groat's and reaches the ears of countless listeners of either sex and all ages.

All the more reason, then, that it should not force upon unwilling ears any heartrending, alarming or terrible story. We demand that it shall not pander to a purely temporary and limited vogue for "horrors."

It will be urged, no doubt, that when, in spite of very considerable protest, the B.B.C. broadcast Patrick Hamilton's gruesome stage play, "Rope," the announcer was careful to preface it with this warning:

"This is a study of the macabre. There are some people who, because of extreme youth or other reasons, are nervous about such things, just as some are afraid of ghost stories. If you are apprehensive, turn off. If not, turn out the light."

Face the truth!

SUCH a warning, we maintain, is almost useless. There are millions of wireless sets in use and there must have been many thousands of listeners—children, women, nervous people and others who dislike morbid studies—forced by circumstances to listen to this broadcast.

The majority of us hear the wireless in company. We cannot switch off just to suit our own convenience.

And, even among those who had only themselves to please, there must have been many so exasperated by that contemptuous "*because of extreme youth or other reasons*" that they refused to heed the warning.

The B.B.C. knows this to be the truth. It received hundreds of letters of protest in regard to "Rope."

It had already learned how innumerable people were terrified even by Father Knox's quite innocently intentioned, but very realistic, broadcast description of a revolution.

Nor could it have wholly ignored the comment which followed its broadcast just recently of an imaginary air liner crash.

Beyond all question these wireless dramatisations have terrified and upset a great many people.

But to every protest Savoy Hill returns the same smug—and utterly unbusinesslike—reply: "If listeners don't like our programmes, they can switch off!"

Why on earth should they need to switch off? The public pays the B.B.C. £1,250,000 a year for its services. Why should it have to endure thoroughly objectionable "star" turns or else be cheated out of its rightful entertainment?

What would be said of a music-hall proprietor who told his audience that, if they didn't like the chief item on the programme, they were welcome to wait outside in the foyer until it was over?

True, the B.B.C. cannot please everybody, but it can and must avoid giving pain or offence to any large section of the community. It ought to be prepared to defend every item in its programme on the score of public interest or genuine value.

To-morrow's horror—

THERE can be no such defence of "The Forsaken City" broadcast. It served no useful purpose whatever. It was definitely resented by a great number of people. It frightened and distressed thousands of others.

The truth is that the type of mind responsible for the idea was simply sensation-seeking on the blood-and-thunder lines of the old penny-gaff.

This type of mind is not good for the B.B.C.

The same crude mentality which could consider the reconstruction of the horrors of the Great Plague as good entertainment for the masses may one day have a bright idea of broadcasting a railway smash, or a disastrous fire, or a mine disaster, accompanied with the shrieks and groans of the victims.

Wanted—sanity

WE may even one day be invited to listen to the terrifying last hours of the gallant men in the *M2*.

And those who protest will be told—as they have always been told hitherto—that they can "switch off" if they don't like it!

Well, we will give the B.B.C. some of its own advice: "Switch off!"

Switch off from crude horrors and revolting sensations, and switch on to sane, normal entertainment and instruction.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . . .

British Arms Profits from Shanghai Slaughter

Are we helping to fan the Shanghai blaze

TRADE is booming—but, unfortunately, it is the armaments trade. And some of the firms who are profiting are British.

They are helping to feed the Japanese guns at Shanghai. One of them, we know, has a subsidiary company in Japan.

No wonder a storm is brewing in Parliament on the subject. M.P.s want to know the facts. And so does the public.

Boom in shares

Over in France the shares of the great armament manufacturers, Hotchkiss, have risen substantially in value. We understand that Hotchkiss has many British shareholders.

It is known that this and other armament firms have a controlling interest in several important French newspapers, and through their co-operative organisation, the Comite des Forges, are also able to bring considerable pressure to bear on the French Government.

Fighting the League

This explains to some extent the influences at work to prevent the League of Nations from taking effective action.

So long as profits can be made out of war there will always be vested interests fighting secretly against disarmament.

United till—

Government unity is once more assured—until July.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain will then, we understand, insist on putting a tariff on imported meat.

This will satisfy the Dominions' demand for an Empire Preference. But it will be too much for Mr. Runciman, Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Snowden, Sir Donald Maclean and Sir Archibald Sinclair.

If they resign

These Ministers have told Mr. MacDonald they will resign rather than sanction such a policy.

If they carry out their threat Mr. Chamberlain's position will be greatly strengthened and he will be a stage nearer to the Premiership.

A—mazing!

While vital foodstuffs are to be taxed, maize will be imported free.

That is because it is food for cattle, pigs and poultry—and the agricultural interest is tremendously powerful in the House of Commons.

The Government seems to think it more important to have tax-free foodstuffs for pigs than for the people.

Sop for farmers

Since imported meat remains tax-free, sops will be thrown to the farmers to pacify them.

So, though manufacturers protected by the Tariff may be made to produce figures about their industries, agriculture is exempted from this requirement.

The reason given is that farmers are not good at keeping accounts! This is sheer humbug—and grossly unfair to the consumer.

Premier's hope

Mr. MacDonald still hopes to go to Geneva for a week or two during the Disarmament Conference.

If he does go, he and Mr. Arthur Henderson will be standing shoulder to shoulder once again!

Their joint influence should then do much to save the Conference.

The Prince's sacrifice

Owing to heavy calls on his private purse, the Prince of Wales may have to dispose of a large part of his Cornwall estate.

Negotiations are now in progress to overcome certain legal difficulties connected with this matter. We understand that the amount involved is a large one.

Barred from Court

It is gratifying that the King and Queen insist that those who attend Court shall be of unblemished character.

Two women who recently took part in a daring Mayfair party have been tactfully advised to withdraw their applications to attend the Royal Courts. Whether they do or not, they have no hope of getting the coveted "command card."

For services rendered

Dr. Addison may be the chairman of one of the new boards to be set up under the Wheat Quota scheme.

As he was the originator of much of the plan, as Labour's Minister of Agriculture, it would be a graceful act to give him a post which would enable him to see the job through.

Callous Whitehall

Once again we must protest against the Pensions Ministry's method of dealing with applications for pension made seven years after the claimants' discharge from the fighting services.

Such claims are rejected without a medical examination, while recommendations of War Pensions Committees are ignored.

It is time Major Tryon, the Pensions Minister, stopped this scandal.

If de Valera insists

Mr. de Valera's victory at the Irish polls may have one unexpected result.

If he insists, as he threatens, to stop the payment of land annuities, the British Government will simply place the matter before the new Commonwealth Tribunal which it was agreed to set up at the last Imperial Conference.

So Mr. de Valera may provide it with its first job.

Trade, not treachery

Russia will shortly announce its willingness to place further large orders for British machinery and iron and steel goods.

This is planned as a counter-stroke to the demand by the Duchess of Atholl and other Tory M.P.s for a complete severance of trade relations with the Soviets.

The Government's duty is clear. If Russia will pay and refrain from Anti-British propaganda, it should be encouraged to help our industries by buying our goods.

Premier's "To Geneva" Hope

New Economy by Prince

A quiet hero

There is a Manchester mother who does not know that her baby was saved, perhaps from death, because Tramguard 1064 is quick to make up his mind.

When he saw a perambulator running off the pavement, he sprang from his tram and stopped the carriage just as it was heading into the road before an oncoming motor-car.

Then he calmly went back to his job. His is the sort of quiet heroism which makes us proud of our fellow-countrymen.

Forbidden charity

Though Dunstable magistrates have renewed their permission for local public-houses to remain open on Sunday evenings, they wouldn't allow the Town Hall to be opened after church hours for a concert in aid of a poor widow.

Did they think they would be expected to attend and give a trifle?

Official Paul Pry

When will local officials mind their own business?

Tenants of Fleetwood council houses have to agree not to do washing on Sundays, and an official actually patrols the district every Sunday to see that no clothes are hung out to dry!

Surely he could be given something more useful to do!

Working for the "dole"!

While Glasgow Town Council is proposing to reduce the wages of its employees, many of whom will be brought to the level of the "dole," it takes care that its free buffet in the City Chambers is not interfered with.

Councillors must expect to be suspected of insincerity so long as they eat and smoke at the expense of the ratepayers.

Just one short

If a Dudley woman had 117 stamps on her insurance cards for her last three years of insurance she would get an old-age pension.

Because she has only 116, owing to her employer's negligence, her appeal has been disallowed.

The law should be amended to make provision for such hard cases.

Land for heroes!

The first man to join up for the War from Skelmersdale, near Liverpool, has asked the local council to remove his name from its Roll of Honour, since he cannot get work on the council's unemployment schemes.

The council has refused his request. But why did it refuse him work?

Wake up, Birmingham!

A school for parents should be started in Birmingham.

Sixty-one cases of cruelty, affecting 167 children, were reported from the city to the N.S.P.C.A. in January.

Birmingham must not let this terrible record be repeated.

Unchristian

Though the small village of Westgate, in County Durham, is surrounded by green fields, it cannot obtain land on which to build a village hall or a recreation ground for the children.

Most of the land is owned by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, a body which also owns big slum estates throughout the country. They might show Westgate a little Christian charity.

She deserved more

One of the most despicable baby-farmers, Gladys Rivers, a Cardiff woman, has gone to prison for 15 months.

In 12 years she adopted 24 illegitimate children, six of whom died and about whom she had given false information when registering their deaths.

She deserved her sentence—and more.

Wives don't matter

It seems that solicitors are more precious than wives in Coventry.

When a newsagent was served with divorce papers, he assaulted both his wife and her solicitor. For his attack on the man of law he received six weeks' imprisonment, but only two for assaulting his wife.

Perhaps the magistrates are women-haters.

Give him a miss!

The Prince of Fee-snatchers is busy again. F. E. Williams, so often referred to in JOHN BULL, is behind the Star Insurance Agency, of 107-11, Fleet Street, London, which is registered in his wife's name.

Williams is an undischarged bankrupt. When judgment was recently obtained against him for fraud the Judge described him as "an unmitigated scoundrel." We heartily endorse this epithet.

Crime of drinking

A labourer who helped a Bacup publican to move two barrels of beer was given a drink for his trouble. The publican has been fined 50s. for supplying drink after hours, and the labourer must pay 10s. for consuming it.

The law is a weird and wonderful thing.

Treasury blunder

The Treasury blundered badly when it advised Mr. Chamberlain that not enough gold coins were hoarded to justify legislation forbidding their sale and export.

If all the sovereigns bought by dealers had been acquired by the Bank of England—with Government assistance—the country's financial position would have been greatly strengthened.

Unfit to employ

Men like William Gunn, a Reading decorator, should be debarred from business. Though for two years he deducted the cost of unemployment and health stamps from his men's wages, he failed to stamp their cards.

The scathing comments of the magistrates, who fined him £30, plus the amount of the arrears, were certainly justified.

Too-dear education

The Minister for Education thinks that we are not getting full value for the £80,000,000 we spend on schooling every year.

As he says, we want more of the school in the workshop and more of the workshop in the school.

Keep your money

Charity-mongers have been given a fine chance by the quarrel in the R.S.P.C.A. An ex-convict has been asking wealthy people for funds for the Abolition of Blood Sports, while the Society for the Abolition of Cruelty to Animals is also appealing for money from an accommodation address at 189, Regent Street, London.

Every Parent Must Read This Article, by

THE Most Vile CRIME

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR

THE Home Office has prepared a Children Bill, and the House of Commons is considering it; but the mothers of the country are asking, "Is it going to be strong enough to protect our children?" And the answer to this question is No.

Even if the Children Bill is strengthened by all the amendments which Members can devise it won't do all that the mothers want.

Not that it is not a useful measure, within its limits, and a measure which I want to see passed. It will be the beginning of much-needed help to young offenders, to neglected children, to adopted children, and I trust also to wage-earning children.

But its scope and title are such that it cannot deal with the protection of ordinary healthy happy and well-cared-for children against the danger of being terrified and attacked, and even murdered, by a sexually abnormal criminal.

From time to time we see in the papers dreadful stories of attacks on little girls, and whenever such a case comes on the whole country is roused and shocked.

Then it is that a dreadful fear springs up in every mother's heart, and then the longing for really adequate protection finds voice. And just now we are remembering the case of poor little Vera Page.

LET me just set out what the problem is. We have, on the whole, a fine, healthy people, honest, trustworthy and kind to children.

We have laws which are respected, and a police force of great efficiency, and our property is safer than that of any people in the world.

But among this wholesome population there are some hundreds, or perhaps some thousands, of abnormal people, who constitute a terrible danger to our children.

They are not insane, in the legal meaning of the word, and they are not even mentally deficient, as our laws now define it; but they are sexually unstable, and very dangerous.

These abnormal men are able to spread havoc among our child population; and wherever they go they do so. As I said in the House of Commons recently, theirs is the most heinous and filthy of all crimes.

The law as it stands to-day provides various punishments for the offences they may commit against children, with maximum sentences ranging from penal servitude for life to fines of £5, according to the nature of the offence, and the penalty is based, as in all other legal cases, not upon the dangerousness of the criminal, but upon the actual nature of the crime.

There are many criticisms which could be made upon the nature of these punishments, but the most serious aspect of them is the leniency with which they are inflicted.

It was this fact which brought my husband so wholeheartedly into the women's suffrage camp.

At the same court, and on the same day, two cases were heard; and two men were found guilty. One of them had committed an offence against property, and he was sentenced to two years. The other was found guilty of an offence against a little girl of eight, and he got six weeks. "If that is the way men administer justice," my husband said, "it is time women took a hand." And he was perfectly right.

Of course, that was a good many years ago;

"A terrible danger to our children"—Lady Astor echoes the cry of every other mother for adequate protection

but the improvement since has not been very great. Cases still occur where almost unbelievably light sentences are given for offences of this nature—for example, four months, given recently to one man for two separate assaults on two little girls, or one month given for two assaults by a father on his own little daughter.

Such things make the heart burn with indignation. And they must be stopped.

MOREOVER, the inadequate sentences are not the only trouble in these cases. There is another very serious one, which is that the actual cases brought into court are only a small fraction of those which occur, and of those brought into court only a small number of convictions can be secured.

By the very nature of these offences they are secret, and evidence about them is hard to get; and parents are naturally unwilling to bring charges, and to make their children go through all the ordeals of police-court proceedings.

When the victims are really small children—two, three or four years old—evidence, from a legal standpoint, is almost impossible to get. The facts may be perfectly clear, but the legal proof and the corroborative evidence may not be forthcoming, and so the court cannot convict.

Again and again and again it happens. Perhaps the child cannot remember whether it took place on a Wednesday or a Thursday—and the case fails at once.

Perhaps she has been so terrified that she cannot remember what the man looks like—and the case breaks down.

And then, even though the parents and the neighbours and the court itself know that the man is guilty, he has to be acquitted, and goes out again, back to his own neighbourhood, to be a terror to little girls.

Now, I do not want to say that we should be vindictive, or that the principle of fair play and justice to the accused should be upset. The horror of the subject must not blind us to the importance of justice.

BUT as things are we do not get justice; and I am convinced that the laws and practices which have been evolved for other crimes do not suit this special case.

And now that women are, at last, beginning to be admitted to take a hand in the matter, I think that something new can be devised.

For it is simply intolerable that a man who steals material things should be more often caught, more justly tried, and more heavily punished than a man who ruins the lives of little girls.

I have two suggestions to make for an improvement of the position. The first is that we should employ, and make use of, a really adequate number of police women to patrol parks and open spaces, to watch the streets near the big schools, and to keep track of the men whom the police already know to be dangerous.

I do not mean to imply that the men police do not do fine work in these directions; but it seems to me obvious that for dangers of this kind we need both men and women on the watch.

The second is larger, and more difficult to bring about, but I hope in time it may be adopted. It is to have crimes of this nature taken away from the ordinary court procedures, and tried on different lines.

My reason for urging this is that I am sure that these crimes are what might be called mental crimes, and that the men who commit them are not sane. They may not be mad in other ways—I am told that they are sometimes men of the standing of respected citizens—but for all that they cannot be in their right minds.

AND the madness they suffer from seems to me to be worse than any other, at any rate in its dangerousness to society. They are like mad dogs, let loose on the community, and it is useless to punish them by short terms of imprisonment, or by fines.

What ought to be proved against them, it seems to me, is not so much whether they are in a legal sense guilty of any one particular act as whether they are safe to let out. And as things are now, the courts have practically no power to deal with that point.

There are cases, and every magistrate knows of them, where the same man comes up again and again for an offence of this nature.

The Home Office Departmental Committee reported on three such cases where the men had been convicted—one eleven times, one thirteen times, and one sixteen times for the same offence.

The usual punishments were given—three months, twelve months, the "cat," and so on—but as they were at large again they returned to the same practices.

And it was not until after all these convictions—with all the misery and terror to little children which they imply—that one of the men was certified insane, and another restrained as a mental deficient. The third, if he is living, is still at large.

There is no need to go on multiplying facts. They are perfectly well known to the police, to the Home Office. They are not known to ordinary men and women. If they were, action would be taken at once.

Wake up, Parents!

The Famous De Beers Mines Will Close Down *for . . .*

THE world has had to give up many luxuries during the last two or three lean years. And one thing it has been too poor to buy is diamonds.

To-day the sale of diamond engagement-rings has slumped by 60 per cent.—never in modern times has there been so small a demand for them.

No wonder the diamond industry is facing the worst crisis it has known. No wonder the famous "De Beers" diamond mines in South Africa, the greatest in the world, are being forced to close down for the first time in their history.

Thousands of men will, as a result, be thrown out of employment. Millions of pounds of capital will lie idle. One of the biggest taxpayers of South Africa will temporarily cease to contribute to the Union budget.

The whole range of world depression has no tale more dramatic to tell than this story of the diamond industry.

Blood on them

Diamonds have played their part in the tragedy and comedy of the world ever since the first day of recorded history.

They were as eagerly sought after by King Solomon as they were by Aurungzebe. Edward the Confessor is said to have cured epilepsy with his diamond ring and the medievalists firmly believed that magic qualities attached to rats that had fed on a supper of diamond powder and goat's blood.

But until comparatively modern times, the supplies of diamonds were small and precarious. Nearly all the brilliants came from India—the magic coast of Golconda—and the remainder from Brazil.

Then, round about 1870, diamonds in large quantities were discovered in South Africa, and the news of the find galvanised the souls of adventurers all over the world.

* * *

Mankind has ever been unable to resist the temptation of getting rich quickly, whether it be through oil, gold or precious stones, and that bleak, desolate, storm-swept area—which hitherto had barely sufficed to support a few miserable Dutch boers, or farmers—was invaded by prospectors.

The great diamond industry as we know it to-day was established in an atmosphere of viciousness and self-seeking.

Men committed unnameable crimes in their lust to possess the brilliants.

It was inevitable that the industry should organise itself into a great combine, and presently the magic name of "De Beers" emerged from the confusion of the early prospecting, and continued to develop its resources until it became one of the most powerful corporations in the world.

It reached a point when it practically controlled the world supply of diamonds. The production of mines and river diggings in India and British Guiana and other places was negligible by comparison.

"De Beers" were in an impregnable position, and while the world had money to burn it went from strength to strength.

Now, in spite of its enormous wealth and power, it is forced to suspend its operations.

To most of us a diamond is a lovely, sparkling stone that forms the centre part of an engagement-ring or the chief adornment of a brooch. We look with wonder at the Koh-i-nor or the Cullinan in the Crown jewels.

But it does not always occur to us that diamonds represent an important factor in world commodities and business; that the diamond is the means of employing tens of thousands of men; that the mere 10 per cent. export duty on diamonds used to bring in a revenue of one and a half millions sterling to the Treasury at Cape Town.

The application of the science of mining engineering to the diamond fields completely changed the aspect of the industry.

Hitherto diamonds had been discovered either by accident or without the help of scientific methods.

When the South African reefs were worked it became quite a different story. The elaborate crushing and refining machinery forced the rocks to yield their treasures in large quantities. Diamond supplies increased. It was fortunate that the world had plenty of money to buy them.

It became obvious, however, that the industry must be regulated. The diamond fields of South Africa held practically a monopoly of world supplies and the Union Government very properly took advantage of the position. It consented to a restriction on output of approximately £15,000,000 a year in value.

After the war, when the Union took over German South West Africa and the mines of Namaqualand, the agreement was revised on an amicable basis. The output was still restricted and all appeared well.

Russian invasion

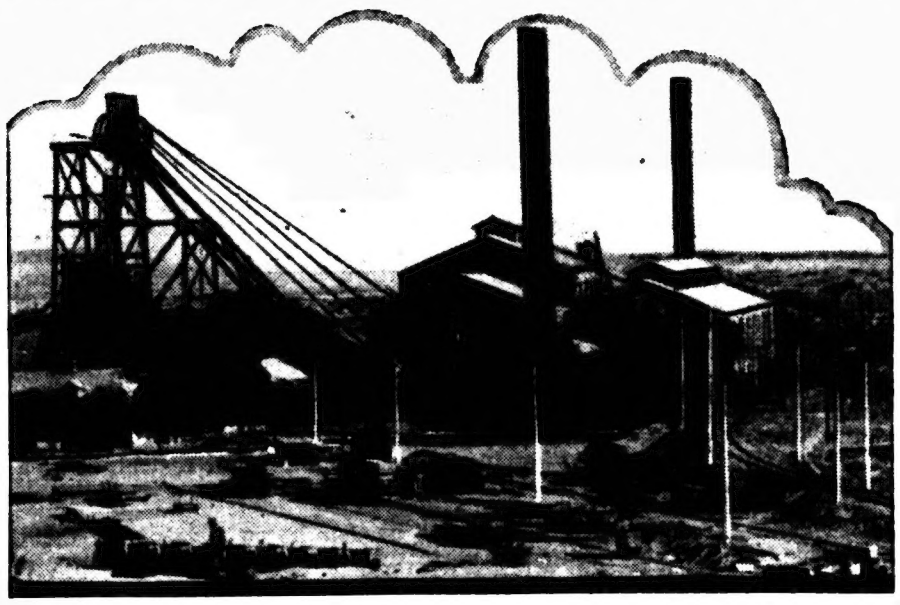
No one anticipated the world slump nor the effect of the Russian revolution.

Thousands of Russians managed to escape from Russia in 1917 and 1918. They could not take their valuable pictures nor boxes of bullion with them. They were too bulky.

But they could put a fortune in their breast pockets in the form of diamonds. And they did.

Like all Oriental and semi-Oriental peoples, they had long collected diamonds, and the Russian emigrés flooded

Grubby little offices in Hatton Garden are now choked with unwanted gems . . .



A portion of the mighty De Beers mines. They are closing their doors until the world is rich enough to buy again

The Human Machine

WINNING THROUGH

THE Prince of Wales recently uttered a profound truth when he said that "those who have never experienced failure have never known achievement."

We are too easily depressed by what the unthinking call failure. We are apt to look on it as an end to hope instead of as an urge to endeavour.

Doctors know that when a patient is ill the "will to recovery" is more important than any medicine they can prescribe; and people who are depressed by failure are mentally ill. They are tragically ill, for they lack that will to recovery that makes a man determined to learn and progress because of his mistakes.

Whoever yet achieved anything without first failing times without number to reach the goal at which he aimed? Every great invention, every great discovery the world has ever known, represents achievement that grew out of countless failures.

IT is not the first step that brings achievement. It is an endless succession of steps, a weary series of efforts, but all backed by an invinciole determination to get there.

The real measure of a man's achievement is not wholly what he does. It is, even more, the pluck he displays in the doing, the courage with which he tackles difficulties, the way in which he cheerfully sets about recovering ground he has lost.

"Success" stories are a poor guide to life, for they tell only half the tale. They rarely picture the struggles and heartbreaks and setbacks that had to be endured before success came. Yet every success story is based on defeat and disillusionment and—recovery.

The only real failures are those who admit defeat.

Too Poor for DIAMONDS

These Russian Crown jewels were broadcast over the earth after the revolution and helped considerably to cause a glut

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, chairman of De Beers. He knows that the world is too depressed to want to wear diamonds in its necktie—even if it could afford it!

the world market with brilliants in order to raise money.

The inevitable result was a slump in price. The market could not consume the supplies of the South African fields in addition to the precious stones of the Russian nobility.

The diamond merchants managed to weather their first difficulty, although they were left with huge stocks on their hands. The mines went on producing their annual quotas of brilliants and commercial diamonds in accordance with the agreements.

Sparkling unseen

Then suddenly the world trade and money crisis came along and American millionaires began to sell their yachts and refuse to buy their wives the jewels to which they were accustomed.

The diamond mines continued to produce, but America ceased to buy along with many other countries. Accumulated stocks went on accumulating. Millions of pounds of value lay in the strong rooms of Kimberley and Hatton Garden, London.

It was obvious that something drastic must be done. The diamond merchants found themselves possessed of treasures practically beyond price, but unable to dispose of them. What was the purpose of adding to this Eldorado?

It was considerations of this kind that prompted Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, chairman of "De Beers," in his declaration that the famous mines must close down unless trade improved or the South African Government came to the aid of the industry.

He pointed out that running a diamond mine is an expensive business. It is no mere matter of digging a hole in the ground and trusting to luck. Diamonds can never be cheap, not only because they are rare, but because they cost so much to find.

As chairman of the company, Sir Ernest represents shareholders in all parts of the world, and it was his duty to take a long view and protect them.

The kings wait

He knows the value of his stocks and the impregnable position of the diamond in the future of the world. And so he declared himself against the unnecessary expenditure of further money at the moment.

The diamond kings must now wait for the halcyon day when trade will revive, and the world will again be rich enough to buy precious stones.

Meantime, diamonds are cheap to-day—they have never been cheaper. Ultimately they must increase in value, for the day will come when the South African mines will be finally abandoned.

Science and engineering will have extracted the last brilliant from the reefs, and the world will have to depend for further supplies on the less important yields of Brazil and the Orient.

Changes in supply and demand may come and go, but the diamond itself never changes. The brilliant retains its lustre and hardness through æons of time. Pearls die; old masters break up; ivory goes yellow; tapestries deteriorate. But the diamond remains just as Nature fashioned it in the hard rock.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the value of the world's diamonds—that they could pay, for instance, Britain's internal debt of £6,463,000,000. Actually the amount of money represented by diamonds is relatively small, for they always have been scarce and always will be.

Assuming that £15,000,000 worth of brilliants have been taken annually from the South African fields since 1870, the sum total represents but £480,000,000, and South Africa contributes about 90 per cent. to the world supply.

It is doubtful if the world value of diamonds at the present moment exceeds £1,000,000,000—and this figure includes all the Crown jewels and the gems of all the Indian Maharajahs, the Nizam of Hyderabad among them.

In the diamond boom times there was a little office off Hatton Garden where in the course of a year more than £3,000,000 used to change hands for diamonds. That figure represented one-fifth of the world's annual supply.

To-day the trade done there is as small as this little office is unassuming—a desk with a green shade, two chairs, and a gas-fire, with the floor covered by ordinary druggeting.

Romance, Ltd.

You enter it through a corridor, but before you are admitted a girl secretary pushes back a peep-hole to take a good look at you. It is rather like entering a speakeasy or a modern London night-club.

Once you are inside you are in a place of real romance—no glitter, no gilt, no champagne—just a room where a modest gentleman unobtrusively opens a little paper packet containing flashing stones worth tens of thousands of pounds.

If you like them you produce a cheque-book, and put the stones in your waistcoat pocket. That is all. Often a deal of £100,000 has taken place in that same room in one hundred seconds. Surely that is romance.

But that was yesterday. . . .

To-day it is Romance, Ltd.—there are no longer deals that mount up to millions!

Homely Wisdom—by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Scapegoats

ONE of the saddest things within my recollection occurred not long ago. A reader of JOHN BULL wrote to tell me that in order to save a relative of his from disgrace and probable imprisonment he had advanced him some money which the scamp faithfully promised to repay within a fortnight.

I know those fortnights well from long experience. They never come. It did not come in this case. Not one penny was repaid, and when pressed the defaulter vanished and has not been heard of since.

Unfortunately, in screening him from well-merited punishment, the well-meaning helper had drawn upon funds which, strictly speaking, were not his own; they were needed to pay debts which were shortly to fall due.

His good-heartedness ruined that man. He could never catch up with his liabilities afterwards, and his peace of mind was destroyed. He was reduced to all kinds of petty shifts and schemes to meet his obligations from day to day, but in the end they proved to be useless. He went under, the scapegoat of another man's sin.

Troubles like his are not rare. There are people in every community who have no scruples in taking advantage of another's kindness or affection and leaving the victim to face the music alone.

The drunkard, the tale-bearer, the skulker, the waster, the tempter of innocence, the mean-spirited hound who manages to slip out of an unpleasant situation by putting the blame on the very person he has drawn into it—all these are to be found wherever human nature is weak enough to give them their chance.

* * *

Beware of them. Never be lured by fair words into doing what is not quite straight, however deeply your feelings of love and pity may be involved. You will repent it sorely if you do. What is done in a moment may have to be atoned for through a lifetime of tears.

Nor is this always because he who wrongs you means to be a cheat. He may be merely a fool. A weakling in a tight place will promise anything to get out of it, and perhaps succeed in leaving you in it instead of himself.

The shortest way out of a difficulty is generally that of facing hard facts instead of trying to dodge them. In the long run dodging does not pay in any walk of life.

Old Soldier who never SAYS Die!

BROKEN in health after years of foreign service in the Army, Mr. J. J. Sharratt was discharged from hospital in 1919 and returned to his home in the quiet, little village of Salt, near Stafford.

A meagre Army pension has been practically his only means of subsistence, and, to use his own words, it has been a "hand-to-mouth existence" for his wife and himself.

Now JOHN BULL has changed his fortune and brought security into his humble home.

For, some time ago, Mr. Sharratt discovered the fascination of JOHN BULL'S Crossword puzzles, and ever since he has determined to go on trying until he had captured the big prize.

Repeated failure could not discourage or deter him; he believed that if he stuck to his guns he would succeed.

And he has succeeded! £625—a half-share in the first prize in our Competition No. 152—is now in his hands.

Mr. Sharratt describes how he checked his successful effort with the correct solution when it was published.

"I have been in battles, but I have never experienced the same excitement as I did when I found I had got it right. I called the missus and she went through it with me.

"I was not feeling at all well that day, but it bucked me up, I can tell you."

* * *

Another courageous struggler to whom Crossword success has brought relief and new hope is Mrs. W. M. Pinfield, of 223, Warwick Road, Birmingham, winner of the second £325 in that contest.

She and her husband keep a little retail shop. But depression and increasing competition combined to jeopardise the little business. Now—well, their smiles are eloquent; the business is going to prosper exceedingly from now on.

"We have been loyal to the JOHN BULL Crossword," said Mrs. Pinfield, "because with its restricted number of entries we feel that everyone has a fair chance.

"We regard competition as a hobby and not as a business, and we look upon the JOHN BULL Crossword as a real test of skill."

SUCCESS!

Select your four favourites out of twelve popular photographs.

Voucher on page 26 of this week's "Picturegoer."

Another **1/- GIFT OFFERED FREE IN EVERY COPY**

It went like a flash! Never has an eager public taken a publication more completely to its heart! The success of the new and greatly enlarged "Picturegoer" is dramatic, overwhelming, complete! The spectacular cover in three colours quickly became a familiar sight in street and homes. In kinemas, film fans are whispering: "Isn't the new 'Picturegoer' wonderful!"

Now for ANOTHER new number out to-day—even more dazzling, more alluring!

A 1/- Gift is offered FREE in every copy. This magnificent Gift consists of four lovely photos—real photos of film favourites, post card size, in a golden wallet. In addition the "Picturegoer" contains a

£2,000 MUST-BE-WON FREE PICTURE COMPETITION EVERY WEEK.

Mary Nolan—"that wicked gold-digging blonde"—continuing her amazing confessions, relates how she set Berlin alight. H. V. Morton's magic pen lays bare the soul of a great British film studio. Splashes of colour inside add glamour and fascination to fair women and brave men of Filmland.

Get your copy early—although greatly enlarged there is no increase in price.

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ARE YOU A COWARD?

HANNEN SWAFFER'S *Open Letter* to BERNARD SHAW

DEAR BERNARD,—Although you are seventy-five years old, your virility and your youthfulness of mind keep you one of the Bright Young Men.

That is why you should go to America. You have always funked it. You have been offered more money for lectures in the United States than any other living man, for you are worth it. Of all the men who ever go on a platform in any country in the world, you have the most challenging mind.

Indeed, yours is the only daringly original brain which is stored with knowledge.

When, recently, you went to Africa for a holiday, it was reported that you said you might never return. Then, when you had a motor-car accident, it was reported that you said you objected to the publicity.

Why don't these reporters understand you? I used to be a reporter myself—indeed, I am one still—so I know from personal experience how reporters get sent along by their editors to ask great men silly questions.

You tried to stop it by laughing at the editors when you gave the answers. You said something too silly to print, wondering "Will the fools print that?" To your surprise—and horror, sometimes—they printed it, and that made you worse the next time.

So the world often blames you for saying things which you do not mean.

I remember years ago, when I was on the *Daily Mirror*, being sent along to ask you why Barrie had written a play about you, and you replied, "Press cuttings are so expensive that Barrie and I have decided, in future, to write about each other, always, so that we shall be in all the same Press cuttings, and then we can share the cost."

In fact, you typed all this out for me, and the *Daily Mirror* printed it.

I have no doubt you jeered—not only at the *Daily Mirror*, but at me. Still, I was very young then.

I first admired you when you were an illumination to the world, when your daring attacks on our social system made hundreds of thousands of people really think about why the poor were poor and why there were slums and idleness.

In those days most newspapers were barred to you. You were "That dreadful man, Shaw!"

Newspapers did not know that you were telling the truth, and in such a way that it would be read all over the world by millions of people, preparing for a reconstructed Society.

Lately, you have fallen short of my expectations.

* * *

The truth is that you are popular because the world has caught you up. Indeed, the world's real reformers are years in front of you. They are now teaching their grandmothers how to suck eggs.

Their grandmothers are you. When they are not giving egg-sucking lessons to you, they feel like throwing their eggs at your whiskers instead.

You are a great man, Bernard Shaw, more humanly kind than more than a few people know, the idol of all the actors who have ever worked for you.

I do not blame you for being afraid of America, and all those lying reporters who cannot write shorthand, and cannot even spell your name, and wouldn't know who you were, or what you were, or even care.

I do not blame you being afraid of all those lion-hunting hostesses who would want to parade you about, or all the literary folk, of major and minor importance, who would desire to be seen in your company.

Nor do I blame you for fearing to face all those silly women who belong to clubs and pay European authors to go over to lecture to them on things they cannot understand.

Why, I dread going to America because of the publicity I should get. And you would get a thousand times that!

But it is a duty you owe the world. Your mind, in the last fifty years, has surveyed the causes of European decay, Art, Music, Literature, Medicine, Politics, so-called Science. Once, in a play, you started with Adam and Eve and reached the golden age. You have ridiculed kings and you have exalted simple people.

* * *

They always misunderstood you. When you were serious, they thought you were a clown.

When you were a clown, they thought you were clever.

I, who owe you my intellectual freedom, my liberty of thought, my courage of mind, now see, in what used to be my god, the feet of clay. They were always there, but I never noticed them until recently.

Now, risk seeing all those reporters, risk having to stare at all the flapdoodlers, and, in the interests of the world that is to be, write down for posterity to read exactly what you think of America.

You owe it to the great world of thought.

America is the modern Babylon—a land flowing with milk and money, ruled by gold, a place where the grafters reign.

Only you can put this down properly, so that even America might feel ashamed.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

LORD WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—In denouncing the proposed new regulations for casual wards you have my hearty support.

This scheme provides that every wayfarer who is accommodated in a casual ward for one night will be detained for two further nights instead of one.

As you point out, a system which means imprisonment for eight months out of every twelve for the "casual" is not only expensive, but hopelessly unfair, and may deprive many unfortunates of a chance to earn a living.

If these regulations are enforced poverty will indeed become a crime. They must be withdrawn at once.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. E. GREGG,
London Insurance Committee

DEAR SIR,—Anæsthetics are administered by some doctors to panel patients for no other purpose than to secure a fee, you declare.

It is inevitable, of course, that so large a profession should contain a few black sheep, but this is one of the most serious allegations ever made by a doctor.

It calls for the immediate attention of the British Medical Council.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JAMES BIRCH,
Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

DEAR MRS. BIRCH,—Though nothing can compensate you and your invalid daughter for the loss of your husband, you have at least the consolation of knowing he was a very gallant fellow.

After vainly seeking work for fifteen months, he tried to make a living as a window-cleaner. He did not tell you of this new and, to him, dangerous venture. Being unused to the work, he met with a fatal accident—a tragic end to an honest attempt to support his family.

I salute his memory.

JOHN BULL.

EDWARD PARROTT, Southwark: Scandalous that you, a crippled young hawker, should be evicted with wife and baby. Glad that neighbours collected £4 for rent arrears and so saved your one-roomed home.—JOHN BULL.

JUDGE CRAWFORD,
Edmonton County Court, London

YOUR HONOUR,—Children always seem to be ill, you lament; their parents spend a great deal of money on them and then have to go to moneylenders. But even this is better, surely, than that sick children should be neglected?

You complain also that things are not done as they were in your boyhood days, that there is too much laxity in law, business, and everything else.

This has been said by old gentlemen in every age. Stop croaking!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY PEARSON,
27, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

DEAR MR. PEARSON,—I congratulate you on your efforts to raise money for George Baldry, a Hoxton firewood hawker. When Baldry found his daily load too heavy for him, he spent all his savings and some borrowed money in buying a pony.

But the animal was suffering from a complaint which only an expert could diagnose. Baldry was summoned for working it and it was ordered to be destroyed.

By coming to his rescue you are nobly following the traditions of the London Police Court Mission, of which you are secretary.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILIP HUBERT MARTINEAU,
President, Law Society

DEAR SIR,—I am glad your society is at last taking action against the "ambulance ghouls" I have often exposed.

These solicitors' touts pursue the victims of road accidents, even into hospital wards, and try to persuade them to sue for damages, which usually find their way into the solicitors' pockets.

Your campaign should have been started long ago. But better late than never.

JOHN BULL.

MARY COATZ,
Whitechapel, London, E.

DEAR MARY,—For a girl of eleven you have astounding pluck and presence of mind.

Trapped on the third storey of a blazing house, you saved your life by coolly obeying orders shouted from the street below, and waited until a fire escape was run up and firemen climbed to your rescue.

Then, though suffering from severe shock, you refused to be taken to hospital.

Good for you, Mary!

JOHN BULL.

GAVIN HAMILTON,
Montrose

ROGUE,—Every lover of football will note with satisfaction that you have gone to prison for sixty days for attempting to bribe a player to lose a League match while you were the captain of Montrose Football Club.

Fortunately, the public knows that few players have your itch for easy money and is not likely to lose confidence in the game's fairness because of your dishonesty.

Your sharp sentence should be a warning to all who may be tempted to smudge the traditional cleanness of British sport.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALF MANSFIELD,
Bradford

DEAR ALF,—I remember you well as a boxer of repute when Aldgate was your "home town," but all your fisticuffs were done before 1923, the year you went blind. That must have been a terrible blow for you, and up to recently you have been in a world of darkness.

But last month Professor Terrien, of Paris, operated upon you, and you are now regaining that precious boon of light and soon, maybe, you will have complete vision.

Professor Terrien will never need a champion while you are alive.

JOHN BULL.

Sir B. EYRES-MONSELL, Admiralty: "Emperor of India" towed to Rosyth for breaking-up by Dutch tug. Have you forgotten "Be British" campaign? —JOHN BULL.

"OH! isn't it nice?"

"I COULD just drink cups and *cups* of Rowntree's Cocoa. It's as nice as eating the loveliest chocolate, I think.

"Mummy gives me a big cup at breakfast to make me warmed up before I go out to school. Then I have another big cup at supper, so that I go to bed feeling all cosy inside."

CHOSEN BY DOCTORS AND DIETITIANS

Doctors and dietitians who specialize in children's diet recommend Rowntree's Cocoa for growing children because it is pure, *and contains such essential food elements as iron, calcium and phosphorous.*

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE

AND BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons in every ½-lb. tin

co 414-36

DANGER PERIOD

Weather treacherous. Vitality low

Isn't that how *you* feel just now? For five wearying months you have been fighting Colds and Influenza. Is it any wonder you feel thoroughly exhausted, with spirits and vitality down to the lowest? What would help you more than anything else at this time is Hall's Wine.

Into your blood so impoverished and anæmic the natural iron and vitamins of the grape and the valuable medicaments of Hall's Wine will put new life and energy. Soon you will feel strong and happy. "I feel completely changed," you will say, "I've got more *go*—more spirit for my work, more courage to face up to worry." That is why doctors for many years have recommended Hall's Wine to patients recovering from illness. And you are recovering from the effects of an English winter, conditions that try severely the strongest of us.

Don't lose the joys of early Springtime in lingering low health. Take your Hall's Wine to-day!

HALL'S WINE

ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Large bottle 5/6 Smaller size 3/3

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

★ *Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very SPECIAL OFFER to purchasers of Hall's Wine.*

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

257

His Hair Grew Again

"My husband's head was in a terrible state," writes Mrs. Jobson. "One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup, on which there was not a single hair.

We had spent pounds on trying to get this condition different before we tried Kotalko, and that was the best investment we have ever made. The photo shows the fine head of hair my husband now has."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For scurf, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS. You may obtain a testing box of KOTALKO by sending threepence in stamps to—

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53 TT), London, W.1.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING.

The world's best prescription for Kidney Ailments is provided in the "Shadforth" brand "Gin Pills or Kidney Comforters." These wonderful little fellows provide a soothing tonic-antiseptic which charms away the trouble like magic. Thousands of happy people have used them. They are prescribed for Chill on the Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Cystitis, Disturbed Nights, Uric Acid, Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and avoid an operation with the proved remedy: **Shadforth's Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 59), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C. 4, and Branches.

Leading Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, &c., either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

MEDICAL OPINION No. 15

A Consultant writes

"It was a revelation to me when I tried Fox's Glacier Mints and found a sweet could be of such purity and delicacy. It is quite the best I have struck in the peppermint line."

Buy and keep on buying

FOX'S. GLACIER MINTS REG'D

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

REFUSE IMITATIONS.

Look at my new white skin

Only 3 Days Ago I Never Would Have Dreamed It Could Be So Lovely

"My skin was sallow, dark and faded. There were unsightly blackheads, rough skin scales and enlarged pores around my nose, chin and forehead. To-day, my soft, white smooth skin and beautiful complexion is envied and admired by all."

Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin, simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

★ **Turn to Page 20**
and read all about the new Hercules Chromium Plated British Cycle. A free Art Illustrated Catalogue can be obtained by writing to the address given in the advertisement.

Hindenburg or Hitler . .

WHAT IT MEANS TO EUROPE

Germany's Hero of the Peace

by A. G. Gardiner

THE stage is set for the Presidential election in Germany, which takes place on Sunday week. Four candidates are in the field, but the real issue is: Hindenburg or Hitler. And upon that issue hangs not only the fate of Germany but the fate of Europe.

If Hindenburg wins, the tangled skein of European affairs may yet be unravelled.

His election would show that Germany still stands for sanity, and could not fail to have an important effect on the French elections, which it is hoped will change the temper and spirit of French policy. It would give hope of a solution of the Reparations problem in June, and would go far to save the Disarmament Conference from a disastrous failure.

If, on the other hand, Hitler wins, the whole sky will be darkened.

I do not think he will win, but no student of the situation in Germany regards his victory as impossible. Germany has been on the gridiron for seventeen years—four years on the semi-starvation diet of the war, thirteen years on the rack of the so-called Peace.

She has seen her currency reduced to waste-paper and her whole middle-class wiped out. She has passed from one crisis to another, from one impossible reparations settlement to another equally impossible.

He stood firm

For nearly ten years her Rhine territory was occupied by foreign troops, and for two the Ruhr was ground under the heel of invasion. The coalfields of Silesia were taken from her, and, disarmed herself, she has seen her territory enveloped by armaments more formidable than any in European history.

And at the end of thirteen years of the "Peace" she is financially at the last gasp, with six and a half million of unemployed.

The marvel is not that Germany is in danger of collapse into chaos. The marvel is that she has kept her balance so long. The marvel is that she has not flung herself into the arms of Russia, whither the whole policy of the Peace seemed designed to drive her.

No one has done so much to save her from that catastrophe as the gallant old man who, in his eighty-fifth year, still stands indomitably on the bridge.

Hindenburg was the German hero of the war; but he will live in history still more as the hero of the Peace. He has stood by the ship through storm and tempest with a simple fidelity and courage that have mobilised all that is best in Germany to his standard.

For seven years he has been the figure-head behind whom two remarkable men, first Stresemann, then Brüning, have struggled to keep Germany on her feet, to fulfil the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and to conciliate her enemies.

There was a moment when they seemed to have victory in sight. The Rhineland was evacuated, Locarno was signed, Germany entered the League of Nations. Clear water was ahead.

But then came the world crisis, the economic crash and the failure of Germany to pay reparations. Brüning appealed for leniency to France, who, with America, had accumulated nearly all the gold currency of the earth. The appeal was disregarded, and Brüning was driven to inflict new and desperate hardships on his people.

It was this that gave Hitler his chance. He focused the discontents of Germany into the Nazi movement, modelled on the plan of the Italian Fascist movement, proclaimed a policy of repudiation and emancipation, and set out to overthrow Brüning and establish a dictatorship, with himself as the dictator. His crusade has been astonishingly successful.

Weak—and knows it

And it has stimulated rival risings. The Communists have organised on the one hand; the Nationalists and the Steel Helmets on the other. The Communists want Germany to join up with Moscow; the Nationalists want monarchy restored; the Steel Helmets want the Hohenzollerns themselves back on the throne.

And next Sunday week the war of the factions comes to a head with the struggle for the Presidency. The Steel Helmets have nominated Col. Düsterberg and the Communists Herr Thalmann; but the most formidable opponent of Hindenburg is Hitler, the nominee of the Nazis.

I do not think Hitler wanted the job. He is a windbag, with a tooth-brush moustache, who apes Mussolini, and is conscious of his own weakness. He does not want the Presidency. He wanted Hindenburg to sacrifice Brüning, and to become the figure-head for a Nazi dictatorship.

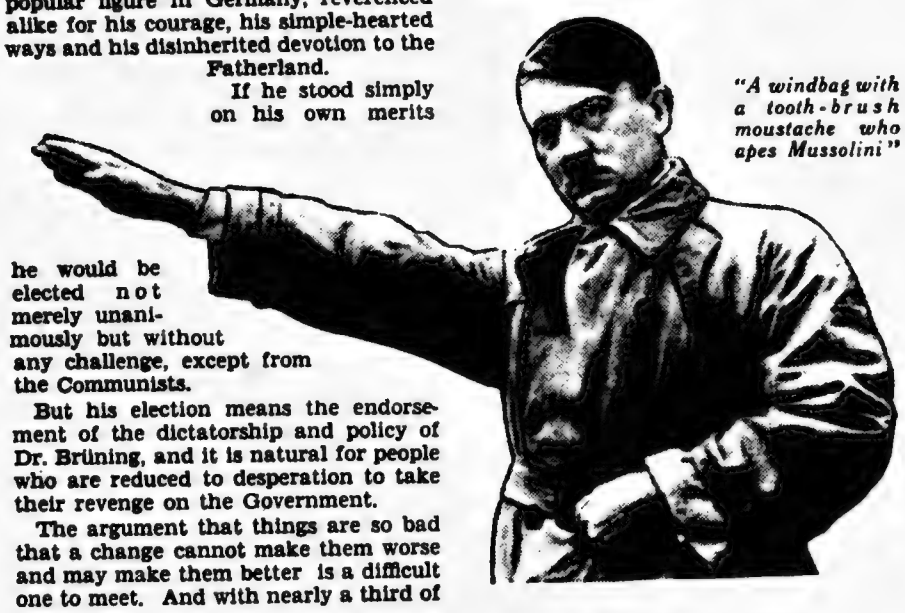
People's revenge?

But Hindenburg stood valiantly by Brüning, who is incomparably the ablest statesman that Germany has thrown up since Stresemann, and who alone can keep his country on an even keel.

It was a decision worthy of the Grand Old Man of Germany. Whether it will be ratified at the polls a week hence is a question as important to the world as it is to Germany, for the displacement of Brüning's policy of patience and pacification by Hitler's policy of repudiating the treaty and running amuck would destroy any hope of world appeasement.

The issue turns largely on Hindenburg's personality. He is by far the most popular figure in Germany, reverenced alike for his courage, his simple-hearted ways and his disinherited devotion to the Fatherland.

If he stood simply on his own merits he would be elected not merely unanimously but without any challenge, except from the Communists.



"A windbag with a tooth-brush moustache who apes Mussolini"

But his election means the endorsement of the dictatorship and policy of Dr. Brüning, and it is natural for people who are reduced to desperation to take their revenge on the Government.

The argument that things are so bad that a change cannot make them worse and may make them better is a difficult one to meet. And with nearly a third of the working population unemployed anything is possible.

But the patience and restraint of the German people during the past dozen years justifies confidence in the issue.

Hindenburg may fail to get election outright, for that would imply a majority over all his three antagonists. But, failing that, I am convinced that he will win on the second ballot.

If Hitler should win, the world crisis will take a new and more formidable shape. Germany will be under the control of a hot-head with a hot-head policy.

The Communists will fight at home against the hated Fascists, and Germany will be in open conflict with the Powers. Reparations will be denounced and the Treaty of Versailles formally repudiated. The Disarmament Conference will come to grief, and the League of Nations will hardly survive the disaster.

But if the disaster is averted and Hindenburg and Brüning are re-established in power, Europe should thank God for the escape and set about reversing the insane policy that has brought Germany first, and now the world with her, to the present evil plight.

If Hindenburg's election is achieved and followed by a favourable result in the French elections, hope will be born again in the world.

Not from the B.B.C.—A Whitehall Bureaucrat's Bright Idea—

On Trial—*by Post!*

THOUGH I've had no coronation,
Stable is my throne and high;
Though no shouts of approbation
Rend the air when I pass by,
Not the Czar of all the Russians
Nor the Kaiser of the Prussians,
Ere those post-war repercussions,
Was more powerful than I.

From a den somewhere in Whitehall
I send forth my stern decrees;
If I say that wrong is right, all
Must submit by slow degrees.
Though my ways may be erratic,
My decisions are emphatic—
As befits a bureaucratic
Lord High Anything-You-Please!

Though you may not have met me face to face, you all know me by name—in fact, by many names, such as Dux, Drakes, Dilly Dally, and Pooh Bah.

Besides many names, I have many strongholds—several in Whitehall, one at New Scotland Yard, and others elsewhere—and many official designations.

But no matter how often I change my name, my address, and my official designation, I remain always the public's "obedient servant"—or, as members of the public sometimes put it, "a blinkin' bureaucrat."

Why there should be this prejudice against bureaucratic mandarins, I know not; but undoubtedly it exists.

A few days ago, for instance, when a Croydon motorist received an official letter telling him that a policeman had reported him for a driving offence about which no action would be taken, other than to note it in the records, the obstinate fellow insisted that action *should* be taken—with the result that the charge was dismissed by the Bench!

This is the sort of thing bureaucrats are up against when seeking to do good by stealth.

* * *

Yet it is only a benevolent desire to save motorists the bother of pleading guilty to offences they haven't committed that caused us to institute a system of writing letters telling them that they had been naughty boys, but offering to overlook the matter. Though sometimes, admittedly, we demand backsheesh, in the form of a fine sent by post.

But, instead of being commended for our moderation, we are told that this is a pernicious system—that it amounts to secret trial, conducted by correspondence by anonymous bureaucrats, who award and collect punishments on the mail-order principle.

Personally, I think that the system of administering justice by correspondence should be extended. Why bother about judges and juries when Whitehall is willing to combine both these offices and that of Lord High Executioner?

Gay gents who go a-robbing banks,
Or perpetrate such playful pranks
As bigamy—all crooks and cranks
We'd handle. 'Tis our boast
That if the facts are sent along,
A verdict, whether right or wrong,
We will deliver, hot and strong,
By next day's early post.

Scoundrels who've wrongly parked their cars,
Miscreants seen to enter bars
And buy felonious cigars
After the curfew rang—
With all such criminals are we
Prepared to deal. We have Form B
For simple fines, and Schedule D
For those we mean to hang!

No Need to be BALD, GREY—or Thinly Thatched—*Simply Post the Form Below*

"I would have lost my hair completely."
"Was completely bald at back of head."
Bald patches covered.
"My hair was thin scraggy and Now it is becoming stronger every day."
"I was bald all over my head. My hair has been fully restored."

These and the photographs below show the splendid results of using Mr. Frederick Godfrey's Preparation, a FREE Supply of which is to be sent to every Reader who applies on the Form at foot of this page.

GREAT FREE HAIR OFFER

Thousands of JOHN BULL Readers Already Benefiting. Why not you?

NO more generous offer can ever have been made to those whose Hair is deficient in quantity, colour or quality than that announced here by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the most widely known Hair Specialist in the world to-day. Not only is he ready to send a Free Trial Bottle of his famous RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC, specially prepared in Matlock Bath, the home of the thermal springs, but he promises in addition to send a copy of his famous Book on Hair Growth and Maintenance, and a Personal Letter of Advice on each applicant's personal Hair Troubles.

Already hundreds of thousands of men and women have to thank Mr. Godfrey for removing the traces of age as evidenced by failing or greying locks; even quite bald people have secured splendid healthy hair growth once again under Mr. Godfrey's skilled advice.

All whose hair is **failing, going grey, losing lustre,** or is **in any way weak or deficient,** should seize this opportunity of testing the wonderful preparation which has played so important a part in accomplishing such marvellous improvement for those who have already put it to the test.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey, as mentioned, will also give free of charge or obligation his expert advice upon any hair trouble from which you may be suffering. The form below when completed is all he requires for his guidance, and immediately upon receipt of same, with the necessary stamps for postage, and packing, your Special Free Trial Supply will be forwarded together with the illustrated booklet and letter of advice. This is Mr. Godfrey's unique offer to you. Accept it to-day and ensure Healthy and Beautiful hair permanently

SEND NO MONEY.

By a special arrangement readers of "John Bull" are to receive a Trial supply of Frederick Godfrey's Hair Tonic FREE.

£1,000 Guarantee that the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from letters in Mr. Godfrey's possession. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative letters.

"My hair is growing lovely. I was quite bald six weeks ago."

"Everybody is admiring my good head of hair."

"The bald patch at the back of my head is completely covered. The hair came on by leaps and bounds."

YOU CAN SECURE SIMILAR BENEFIT FOR YOUR HAIR

New hair has quite covered the bald patches on top and back of head.—Miss E. S.

FILL IN: CUT OUT AND POST without delay

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps, value 3d., to cover postage and packing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Please Print in Block Capitals

My Hair Ailment is.....

If a Tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required please enclose extra 3d. stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐

John Bull, 5.3.1932.

Maj.-Gen. SIR WYNDHAM CHILD'S *Indicts*—

A ROGUE *in the* PULPIT

IMPOSTORS flourish unusually well in the fields of religion and social service.

This is because legislation for the protection of the public from these tricksters is lamentably weak, and because of the reluctance of people who have been cheated to inform the authorities lest they should damage genuine causes.

For some weeks I have been gathering information regarding two organisations with the high-sounding titles of the World Christian Fellowship and the London Christian Mission, about which JOHN BULL readers in different parts of the country have asked my advice.

It was obvious that both these bodies were associated, but in their activities extraordinary secrecy has been maintained as to the identity of the person who controls them.

Ten-feet high posters announcing the existence and work of these movements have covered the hoardings, literature and appeals have been distributed on a great scale, advertisements have appeared in well-known religious journals, and pages have been reserved in a national missionary magazine to provide descriptions of the progress of the two societies.

Cruel deceit

None of this vast publicity and propaganda gives the slightest clue regarding the name of the individual responsible for it.

A few days ago I had reason to have enquiries made in another matter concerning a man named George William Briggs, who last week opened a small eating-house in Whitfield Street, near Tottenham Court Road, London.

Briggs is conducting this unpretentious establishment, where tea and coffee are sold at a penny per cup, ostensibly to train youths in hotel and catering work.

Then came the discovery that this humble café is the headquarters of the World Christian Fellowship and the London Christian Mission. Briggs is founder, president, and general secretary and the one-man-committee of both organisations.

They are bogus concerns and have been promoted and conducted by Briggs for his own profit and at the expense of people he has cruelly deceived.

During the past four months he has organised and led a number of widely advertised missionary and revival campaigns, and has been frequently occupying pulpit and platform, preaching and praying before large audiences.

Little can the people who listened to and joined in devotion with him have been aware of the true character of this hypocrite and humbug.

His recent entry to the realm of religious endeavour was financed by money which he borrowed.

Far and wide he sent out literature heralding the formation of the World Christian Fellowship. It was emblazoned with a crest specially designed for the movement—a crucifix stretched across a map of the world.

Phantom crusaders

Huge quantities of display placards, leaflets, collection cards and enrolment forms requiring registration subscriptions were also issued.

By these means the public was led to believe that the World Christian Fellowship was an international organisation.

It was represented as standing for international and inter-denominational unity, and it purported to have an International Centre in London with secretarial, editorial and publication departments.

There were also supposed to be what were called Fellowship Circles in this country and abroad, counsellors to help and advise members, bands of evangelists and welfare crusaders, and hostels and holiday homes to provide rest and change for young and old.

All this was imaginary nonsense and, I have no hesitation in saying, was a false pretence on the part of Briggs to get money from credulous and kindly people.

Moreover, he has not paid a penny towards the cost of producing his elegant stationery and imposing publicity material. One printer alone in a small way of business is owed nearly £60.

Briggs has also had large quantities of emblem-badges made for sale. The manufacturer cannot get settlement of his account for £27.

With fine audacity this rogue of the pulpit engaged as the headquarters of the World Christian Fellowship the famous Lutheran Church in the West End of London.

It is not surprising that with the intensive Press and outdoor advertising—none of which has been paid for—people flocked to the services of the World Fellowship.

Of course, collections were made regularly from the worshippers to whom Briggs ministered. He received and pocketed the proceeds, entirely ignoring the claims of his creditors.

His creditors are sorry

He has even omitted to settle the bill for the hiring of the church which he falsely represented to be the International Centre of his world-wide organisation. And a poor woman whom he persuaded to prepare and serve refreshments for people who assisted at his services cannot get her modest account paid.

Briggs has also deceived one of the great evangelical trusts. From this body he rented spacious premises in North London for a series of services which were also extensively announced and for which he recruited choirs.

Missioners, one from as far as Scotland, were engaged, but they have not even received their travelling expenses.

A professional singer is still awaiting her fees, and a firm which supplied pianos is also a creditor.

Magic-lanterns and gramophone apparatus were hired to brighten the services, and in the payment for these Briggs defaulted.

Again he departed without paying the rent.

All the collections were appropriated by him.

After the usual appeal for the World Fellowship, he made supplementary collections to provide "gifts" to religious women workers who acted as waitresses while tea was being supplied during the services. They received nothing.

At every gathering of the kind Briggs has asked for money to be subscribed to his movement, and has intimated that he was obtaining members and contributions from all over the world. He specially seeks finance to buy motor-cars for the transport about the country of evangelists who, he says, are in his service. That is only another of his many misrepresentations.

To other people he has disclosed the receipt of funds from this country and abroad, and he is fond of revealing that his correspondence is often addressed to "The Rev. George Briggs, D.D."

Before he migrated to his cheap café in a London back street, he had the bailiffs in possession of rooms which he occupied with a youth of sixteen whom he took from his home at Yarmouth, and whom he pretended he was training for the ministry.

He paid off the bailiffs by extracting £9 from this boy—money which he had received from his parents for dental treatment. The youth, who is now back with his people, was merely used by Briggs as a valet to clean his boots, cook his meals, and serve him with breakfast in bed.

Since Briggs left these rooms, the landlord has had to receive a procession of visitors anxious to confront his late tenant with bills.

Briggs' other venture, the London Christian Mission, is also a sham, and he has not paid the debts incurred in its name.

Unholy humbug

To one woman church worker who asked him to repay a loan of £15 he had the effrontery to reply by letter advising her to "get on your knees and ask for Divine forgiveness."

This unscrupulous trickster is only thirty-three, and before his present advent to "evangelism" was a salesman, grocer, boarding-house proprietor, music dealer and insurance agent. All his ventures have gone wrong and he has been warned about his methods in the county court.

When I mention that he is just now on probation for two years for fraud which, he pleaded, he carried out under stress of committal orders and summonses, it will be obvious why the World Christian Fellowship and the London Christian Mission should disappear.

The Recorder who convicted and dealt so leniently with him should be particularly interested in the manner in which this impostor has been exploiting the religious and benevolent public.

Here, mixed with steak puddings and cups of coffee, is the International Centre of the World Christian Fellowship

Detective-Inspector Frew, in whose district Briggs has opened his cafe mission

BOGUS STUDENT'S COUPS

A NUMBER of clever frauds have been perpetrated by a young man who poses as a student and who is finding fresh victims almost daily.

A Manchester solicitor has just been caught by him, and the story admirably illustrates his resource.

The opening move was a telephone call to the solicitor's office, purporting to come from the Registrar of the Manchester University.

The speaker declared that a promising young student had just graduated and was going to be retained as a lecturer at the university because of his brilliance.

This young fellow, the speaker continued, had sought his advice respecting a legacy. He felt that the case was one which a solicitor should handle, so he proposed sending along the student to discuss the matter.

The solicitor thanked the supposed Registrar and duly made an appointment. When a young man, giving the name of Lewis, later arrived, he came armed with letters which purported to be from a solicitor in London in connection with his father's estate.

The letters seemed to be quite genuine, and the story told was very convincing.

It was agreed that the Manchester solicitor should act on his behalf, whereupon, with well-feigned diffidence, the young man asked whether it would be possible for him to obtain a small advance on the strength of the legacy to come.

He explained that though he was being retained as a lecturer at the university, his fees would be very small and he would have a number of expenses to meet.

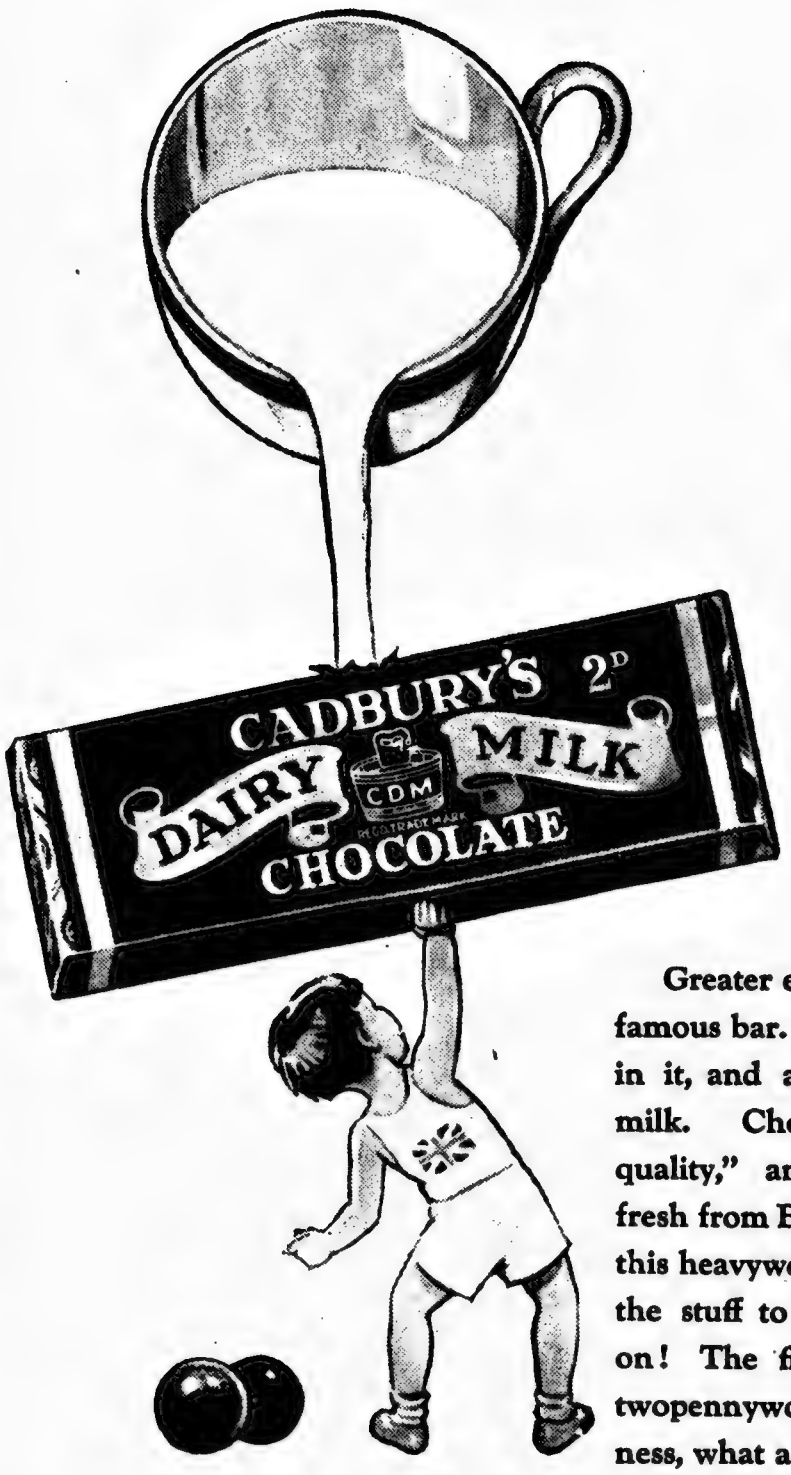
The solicitor did not hesitate to advance his new client £10, and the supposed student departed with many expressions of thanks.

His story is now shown to be a tissue of lies, for he is quite unknown at the University of Manchester except as the subject of complaints that have been lodged there.

Yet this solicitor is only one of several who have been duped in this way, and, as we say, this bogus student is still seeking fresh victims.

The police would welcome news of his whereabouts.

Cadburys heavyweight 2D milk bar



Greater effort is now required to lift this famous bar. It's heavier. More chocolate in it, and a more generous half-cupful of milk. Chocolate of the true "Cadbury quality," and full-cream milk delivered fresh from BRITISH farms. That's the stuff this heavyweight bar is made of, and that's the stuff to bring up budding champions on! The finest food-sweet and the best twopennyworth in the shops! And goodness, what a flavour!

NOW HEAVIER - *Quality unchanged*

I Whispered The Reason...

'Unpleasant Odour is Caused by Underarm Hair'

Yvonne always wondered why she was unpopular and it was such a personal matter it was difficult to tell her. Finally, I plucked up courage—"Hair under the arms is not only ugly and repulsive-looking but greatly aggravates the old problem of body odour." Then I told her my own experience. "I, myself, had a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders, and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. At last I found NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles forever. Now my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."
New White Veet (containing Wenlo White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

Ryders SEEDS

New and old customers are ordering generously this season. The phrase—

HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

was used by one of our customers on seeing a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets. *You* will have a like experience if you sow RYDERS SEEDS. Practically all seeds, even the choicest varieties in 2d. packets.
Send a postcard to-day (affixing 1d. stamp) applying for our Catalogue.
RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.

St. Albans

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

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DUNLOP MAGNUM
BALLOON TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER
WORLD FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM
CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan £5.16.3
Lady's & Gent's Model, same price
Terms: Send 7/9 now, and 24 monthly payments of 7/9 Fullest Approval. CATALOGUE FREE
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Worst Woman in SOCIETY

Gate-Crashed at Royal Garden Party

Posed as Famous Hostess

Robbed Titled Women

SOCIETY circles are alarmed at the audacious frauds of a beautiful adventuress, who has gained entry to most exclusive gatherings and misused the names of many people of title.

Among the many names she has impudently assumed, to the great annoyance of their rightful owners, are the Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Lady Johnstone, Lady Dashwood, Lady Ross, Lady Markham, Lady Ramsay and the Hon. Mrs. Sellicks.

Until recently, this woman was staying at a fashionable London hotel, posing as the Hon. Mrs. Ruth West.

Accommodation was placed at her disposal, and she completely won the manager's confidence by mentioning the name of an influential woman known to him.

Guests arriving at Buckingham Palace for the Royal Garden Party. They had invitations, but the adventuress here exposed managed to get past that sentry without one

Faintly blue blood

In much the same way she made friends with numerous people of standing in the hotel, to whom she confided a number of supposed facts about herself.

She made free use of distinguished names in the course of her various conversations, and, in some instances, claimed to be related to a princess.

Her aristocratic bearing and infinite charm of manner completely deceived all who met her, and her extensive wardrobe and luxurious habits seemed to confirm her claims to affluence.

Having established herself at the hotel as a well-known guest, she next visited a number of the most exclusive fashion-houses in the West End and placed extensive orders for hats, gowns, lingerie and jewellery.

When making these purchases, she represented herself as a wealthy widow from America. Her hotel address and the distinguished names she mentioned so casually during conversation made a profound impression.

Goods were delivered to her room at the hotel without question, and no suspicion was aroused until accounts began to be unduly ignored.

Then there was a continual stream of anxious enquirers, all of whom had to be told that the alluring lady had long since departed from the hotel, leaving a formidable bill unpaid.

Many shopkeepers who had been given the names of influential credit customers as references found on belated enquiry that the missing woman was unknown to them except as the subject of widespread complaints.

She can act

Meanwhile, the hotel management was harassed still further by queries from guests who had obliged this accomplished woman by cashing cheques which had been dishonoured.

Yet all the satisfaction that these various victims have been able to gather is that they are not alone in their dilemma, as this charming widow has long made a habit of defrauding hotels, shops and society people in the way we have described.

One woman, who owns important property in Oxfordshire, is greatly distressed because her name has been misused repeatedly by this adventuress in furthering her criminal ends.

From the various complaints that have arisen it is clear that this remarkable woman is an actress of considerable ability.

At times she appears quite youthful and vivacious, while on occasion she does not in the least object to posing as a woman of advancing years if it suits her purpose to do so.

Last year she obtained hundreds of pounds' worth of clothes from London stores alone, and travelled freely all over the country, defrauding hotels and shopkeepers all the while.

So loving!

Doctors, college teachers, an ambassador, several clergymen and scores of titled people are numbered among her dupes; and she has had countless lovers, some of whom she has imposed upon relentlessly.

She will undertake the most audacious coups, as is evidenced by the fact that she once walked into a Bond Street jeweller's, introduced herself as the sister of a titled woman customer, and took away valuable jewels.

On another occasion she won the sympathy of a man she met in an hotel by declaring herself weary of endless obligations which fell upon her as a leading member of society. All she desired was to escape for a day or two from the eternal round of functions which made up her life.

The man was flattered that such a charming woman should thus make a confidant of him; but his feelings changed considerably when he later discovered that the weary society beauty had not been too tired to visit his room in his absence and help herself to all the cash and jewellery she could find.

She is never at a loss for victims, for she haunts the best hotels and the smartest restaurants, and frequently travels to and from the Continent.

In Paris she posed as Lady Muir, and made the acquaintance of a woman of title, who innocently introduced her to an exclusive circle of friends.

She kept up the masquerade just long enough to familiarise herself with the movements of one or two of these people; then she paid flying visits to their hotel bedrooms and thus made another big haul of valuables.

Once, when operating in another part of France, she fell into the hands of the police and was promptly deported as an undesirable.

The clergyman lost

She has enslaved men followers on both sides of the Channel, and was much seen in Paris at one time in company with a young Englishman, who lavished costly gifts upon her.

But she was soon back in England, and next found a victim in the son of a wealthy Manchester man, whom she parted from a lot of his money.

Once she used her charms to win the attention of an important American clergyman, who knew her in another of her "honourable" names, and who was doubtless honoured when she attended many of his religious functions.

When he discovered her real character he made every effort to reform her, but it was all of no avail.

As a result of his misguided philanthropy, he was left the poorer by several hundred pounds.

Many of her coups have been facilitated by the use of forged references. This was the case when she obtained a post as companion to an elderly woman, who entrusted her with the sale of property She transacted the business with her usual efficiency, but decamped with the money.

The sleuth steps in

Her genius for making society friends once enabled her even to mingle with the guests at a garden party at Buckingham Palace.

The discomfort of her newly-made acquaintances, on another occasion, may be imagined when a detective suddenly arrived at a society function to take her into custody on numerous charges of fraud and impersonation.

But occasional spells in jail have not curbed her ambitions, and she is as active to-day as ever.

Is it surprising that Scotland Yard regards her as one of the most dangerous and accomplished adventuresses at large?

THE YANKEE CROOKS *are Coming!*

A CLEVER trickster who has baffled the police of New York, Paris, Hanerau and Melbourne has just come to England and is believed to be sheltering in a West End flat in London.

His arrival is regarded by the authorities as being of special significance, for he is the first of the international rogues who usually invade our shores for the summer "season."

He is John Arthur Barry, and although so early in the field, he has already participated in one coup in which a victim has been robbed of £10,500.

With the aid of an accomplice, who belongs to a French criminal's gang of blackmailers, Barry induced this victim to believe that an investment in diamond mine shares, over which he held control, would bring exceptionally high profits within three months.

Barry, who looks more like a cabinet minister than a crook, spoke convincingly of a syndicate with which he was supposed to be associated, and produced documents and credentials which appeared unimpeachable.

But, once he had obtained the £10,500 for investment, he disappeared from the lounge of the fashionable hotel where most of the preliminary business discussions had taken place, and could not be traced.

The victim had to proceed overseas almost immediately on business, so he could do nothing beyond lodging a complaint with the police.

As there is no possibility of his returning to prosecute, Barry is probably going about looking for fresh dupes.

Liverpool, Glasgow and Folkestone are a few centres where he has been seen.

One of his associates, in fact, was recently detained at Folkestone with a faked passport and a loaded revolver in his possession! But Barry remains at large.

He changes his name frequently and has passed alternately as Gordon Mason, Frederick Stewart, Robert Andrews, Lionel Henderson and J. Lawrence Burton.

He has fled from France, Germany, Italy and America after a successful series of coups, in which his aggregate hauls must run into tens of thousands of pounds.

There is no doubt that he is one of the most expert confidence-tricksters at large to-day, and the detention of his armed associate at Folkestone shows the dangerous kind of company he keeps.

He is certainly not the sort of visitor we want here.

YOUR £20,000?

Look at the date on this issue. It should remind you that seven days from then your opportunity to win £20,000 will have passed.

If you have not already entered the national Help the Hospitals Contest, do so to-day. It is so natural to "put it off" till the last minute that you ought to turn to pages 4 and 5 and determine to make your entry now.

Don't be too late—don't let delay cost you £20,000.

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There's no better way of saving than to buy a Hercules cycle. You begin by saving £1 on its price—and for years after it saves you *more* than its price in tram, bus and train fares. If you pay by easy instalments, the fares you save will buy your cycle! In the truest sense "something for nothing." And what a fine cycle to possess! The "Popular" Standard Hercules is the favourite the world over. *Figures prove it.*

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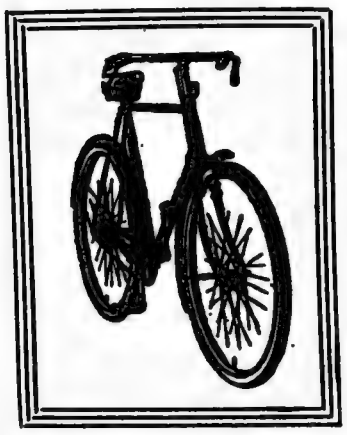

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H.B.9

CONFESSIONS of a "SWEEP" TICKET Smuggler

by an Ex-Member of "K" GANG

"We stretched a hair between a lock and a rope so that we could know if it had been tampered with"

BEHIND the world-wide distribution of tickets for the great Irish sweepstakes are two illicit organisations, one British and one American.

The British syndicate, whose head is known as "K," exports tickets in vast quantities to Canada and the United States as a business gamble.

The other, its rival, is led by a New York gangster chief who combines the "sweep" racket with his bootleg liquor trade.

This is the story of my adventures as a member of the British gang, my particular job being to smuggle £250,000 worth of "sweep" tickets into Canada.

It began by my deciding one day that this "sweep" business needed an Al Capone of its own. So I weighed in on my own account, only to find that there were already two in the field, the British one and his New York rival.

Flabbergasted!

I was disappointed, of course. But my disappointment soon changed to pride when I found myself a full-blown member of "The Syndicate," as the British gang call themselves.

This is how I came to join them.

Within a few days of deciding that I could make more money out of the Irish "sweep" as a smuggler than as an investor, I interested a friend in my scheme, and we crossed to Dublin.

We walked into the sweepstake offices in Earlsfort Terrace, and made the staggering request that they should let us have ten thousand books. I shall never forget the unutterable look of surprise on the face of the official who met us. He offered us ten!

So we tried our luck elsewhere. We visited the solicitor to the fund, but fared worse. All we got was a lecture. There were grave risks in taking tickets to the United States and Canada. And, in any case, they seemed to get all they wanted without our help.

An amazing offer

All we could obtain, as a result of twenty different approaches, was a hundred books, which, on the basis of two free 10s. tickets in each book of twelve, could only yield a profit of £100 less our expenses.

We were a gloomy pair as we sat brooding on the steamer for Liverpool. In fact, the only laugh we got was when a member of the crew asked us if he could sell us an Irish "sweep" ticket.

"Can you let us have ten thousand books?" we asked him jocularly.

"No," he replied, and to our surprise added: "But I know who can!"

A minute later, frightened by our eagerness, he told us he was joking—in fact, he convinced us he was. And then we told him the story of our plans, and how they had failed. He ended up by agreeing to take our hundred books ashore for us at Liverpool.

We met him that night at a public-house, where we were to receive the tickets. The result of that meeting was that we were asked by the sailor whether we still wanted to take tickets into America. If we did, we were to go to a certain boarding-house near the quay.

The sailor was horrified when we asked him to put the address in writing.

"That would finish you with 'K' if he knew," he said. "Never put anything in writing. Remember."

The boarding-house was a dingy sort of place. We had hardly been there long enough to be depressed by it when a man called and asked for us by name. To the landlady he pretended he had known us for years.

Mystery-man

Then in a long, lonely bar he told us what we had to do.

At no time in the conversation did he mention his own name or address, nor the name and address of anyone behind him. In fact, I realised from the start that, even if I had been a detective, I could have learned nothing.

I did ask him who the head of "the Syndicate" was, but he told me nothing that would endanger his chief.

"He's just a business man with a legitimate reason to have a business office in London and Liverpool," he said.

"You'll never meet him, if you work for us for twenty years. In fact, I can tell you that he never even meets a sweepstake ticket. Not a single ticket could be found on him, or any of his friends or relatives, at either of his houses, at any of his offices, or in anything belonging to him. He never goes to Dublin, and no one from Ireland ever sees him

"As far as you're concerned, he might be a bishop."

Just before leaving, he handed us over a hundred pounds in notes.

"That's for your expenses," he told us. "You will take over £250,000 worth of tickets to our agents in Montreal. In addition, you will be allowed a thousand books on your own account. Those you will sell, and it will give you a profit of a pound on each book. That is your reward."

Next morning an ordinary business van brought to the boarding-house two old suit-cases, two cabin trunks of ancient appearance and a battered tin box.

Can you wonder that we were afraid to leave our room that night, knowing that locked away within it were 37,000 books of sweepstake tickets—444,000 chances for a fortune?

They were sent on to the liner in the ordinary way as passengers' luggage, and the next day we sailed.

The anxiety of knowing that more than £150,000 worth of tickets was lying in our cabin, in those old suit-cases and trunks! And yet it was not so worrying as the fact that another £100,000 worth lay somewhere down in the hold, in the old tin box.

True, those in the cabin were both locked and roped. Nevertheless, we could not resist stretching a hair between one of the locks and a rope, so that we could know if it had been tampered with.

Nightmare voyage

Those eight days to Quebec seemed eight years, so much were we tortured by the fear of detection.

Leaving the luggage to be carried on to Montreal by the ship, we disembarked at Quebec and travelled through the night by train to Montreal.

No one recognised us when we went down to the Customs shed there.

Our hearts sank when we saw the luggage brought off—at least, I know mine did—for we found that the Customs officers initialled baggage only when the owners were standing beside it, and their search was so thorough that we daren't claim our property.

We whispered to a man that we had a bag with a few bottles of whisky in it. We lied. What could we do?

"Go to the station and wait there," he said. "It is all sent up there after the examination."

We did, but our baggage did not arrive. Then we heard a young woman complaining that her hand-grip was lost. It seemed to be an opportunity to find out what was happening to our own stuff. We asked her to accompany us to the Customs shed, and we would help her.

Our hearts sank still more when we realised that all the unclaimed luggage had been locked away in a partitioned-off corner of the shed.

Our woman friend found her bag there, had it examined and bore it away. Our stuff was still there when we took her back to the station. It looked as if we had been beaten.

Checkmate

At the hotel to which the man in Liverpool told us to go we rose from a very fitful night of sleep the next morning.

"There's a gentleman to see you," said the waiter—and a very angry gentleman he proved to be when he learned we had not got the "sweep" tickets with us. He was the agent of "The Syndicate."

"But there's still a chance of getting the tickets through," I said.

"Oh I'll get them through, but no thanks to you," he said. "The trouble is the delay. The Yank stuff has been here for days. They are flooding the country. If we're not slippy we'll have three-quarters of ours on our hands."

And then he told us a little about the American gang—our rivals.

"They're different from us. We're parlour smugglers. Their head is a man we only know as 'D,' who is a liquor smuggler and gangster in New York. We used to think it was Jack Diamond, but it has been going on since his death."

It was said that when Diamond tried to get into Europe it was to exchange the whisky racket for the ticket racket.

Anyhow, our tickets got through—a man was bribed to get them out of the Customs shed.

We then took our own thousand books up to Sudbury, the mining town, and in the mining towns and villages around.

Everywhere we were beaten. It was hopeless. Our stuff had arrived too late. The American gang had flooded the district—and other districts, too, we were to learn.

We sold fewer than a hundred books, and then destroyed the rest in the central-heating furnace of our boarding-house.

Failure

After we returned to Montreal we came across the agent who had come to our hotel, but he looked blankly at us. We spoke to him, but he told us quite politely he was sure we had never met him before.

We sailed back to Liverpool and met our friend—the man who, by trying to sell us a single ticket, ended by introducing us to the British syndicate.

He was quite friendly. He took our addresses. The gang's chief might decide to trust us getting stuff from Dublin to Liverpool some day.

But I don't think I've any desire ever to be in the "sweep" ticket racket again. To me, anyway, it does not seem worth the risks and torturous anxiety.

HERE'S AN ALLY!

Housewives who are thinking about their spring offensive against dirt and drabness should consult the current issue of *The Ideal Home*.

They will find it full of helpful hints for lightening their labours and making their homes the envy of their neighbours.

Why We JAIL

THOUSANDS of husbands languish in our prisons to-day—sent there by wives they failed to maintain.

Why do the wives take this drastic step?

What causes them finally to turn on men they have loved and put them in the cells?

These questions were put to some of them by a "John Bull" special investigator. And this is what they said:

WHEN I called to see Mrs. F—— I was scarcely prepared to meet her type of woman. Aged about thirty, fair-haired, with soft, brown eyes and a gentle voice, she seemed hardly the kind who would put her husband in prison, but rather a wife who would endure endless humiliation.

I was not therefore surprised when she burst into tears at the mention of her husband's imprisonment.

"I do not think I could have put him there if I had seen the place first, but what could I do?" Amid her sobs, she explained that she had been to see him.

"The place looked so gloomy, and it made me feel so frightened at what I had done that I wished I had not done it. But all the neighbours had egged me on.

"For years my husband had ill-treated me, cursed at everything and stayed away from home for days on end, never bothering to find out whether there was food and money in the house.

"Then, when he had had too much drink he was unkind to our little girl. I could not bear that. It was much worse than his being cruel to me. I had got used to that.

"Then, one day, he said he would clear out. He carried out his threat and I had to summon him for maintenance. He never paid regularly, and finally I could get nothing at all.

"In spite of it all, I would not have had him arrested if I had not been told that he was going about with another woman. Neighbours said they had seen him. So I lost my temper. I did not care. I was his wife, and it was not right he should take someone else about, leaving me to starve.

"Possibly she did the paying, though. I don't know. I only felt things were at an end, I had no mercy.

"I wish he was not in there, though. If only he would play straight," she concluded, wiping her tear-stained face, "I would forgive him all."

HE SHALL SUFFER, TOO

"WHY did I have my husband locked up?" asked Mrs. H——, repeating my question. "Well, I will tell you why—and also why I mean to put him there again."

She was thin and shrewish-looking, with a hard mouth, but sad eyes.

"He was a film actor, a handsome fellow when I first met him. He was always excitable and strange in his manner at times. My friends called him neurotic. I called it temperament, and I think it rather fascinated me in a way. He told me he had been a victim of shell-shock.

"We soon found that we could not get on together. He declared I was hard and unreasonable; I told him he was mad.

"Things went from bad to worse, until I scarcely saw him. He gave me no money, so I summoned him, and an order was made against him, but he never paid.

"Then I learnt there was another woman. He admitted it, and begged me to divorce him, declaring that he would commute a pension to which he was entitled and give it to me if I'd set him free and allow him to marry this woman.

"I was determined that this should never happen, and so I applied to the magistrate for a warrant for his arrest for arrears of maintenance.

"If I could keep him in longer than eight weeks I would. I am sorry for his bad health, and I know he is a bundle of nerves, but don't forget I have had to endure all that. He is not the only one who has suffered, and I do not intend that he shall get away with it."

THE LONGER THE BETTER

IN the case of Mrs. D—— I learnt that the husband had been the first to complain of his wife's coldness and peculiar temper. Whereas, when I called to see her, I heard the same accusation made against him.

"I think the trouble really began about our girl," she said. "She is a clever child and the school mistress thinks a lot of her. I wanted to give the child a chance of a better education, but my husband did not agree. He said I was putting silly ideas into the girl's head, and argued that it would be much better if she went out to work, and learned that way.

"Then every day he seemed to grow more and more irritable, and so cold and distant that he did not seem to care whether I was there or not. It ended in our separation.

"But he did not attempt to keep me, so I had him up and an order was made. Later, when he failed to pay, I had him arrested. I am not sorry. I rather hope he will not pay again, for if ever a man deserved prison he does. He has no consideration for me at all. I might just as well be a piece of wood for all he cares.

"So the longer he stops in, the better for all concerned. That is what I say," she concluded with considerable warmth.

THE LIES HE TOLD

"MY case seems a pretty hopeless one," said Mrs. S——, a determined, middle-aged woman. "My husband runs a business and yet I cannot get anything out of him.

"He's in prison all right! And he intends to keep going in, I understand, rather than pay me.

"His story is that the business does not belong to him, but to the woman he has been running it with; and now times are bad, he cannot take anything out of it.

"I don't believe a word of his excuses, and he doesn't worry about my sufferings, so why should I worry about him?"

HE DIDN'T PLAY FAIR

MRS. T—— was frankly sceptical. "I have got to the stage when I don't believe anybody," she assured me. "I have given my man every chance to play fair, but he never will.

"His first excuse about bringing no money home was that he had fallen out of work. He told me that he was going away to look for a job, but I found out afterwards that he had just been keeping out of my way.

"When he did get three or four weeks' work he gave me a few shillings at first, and so I gave him a chance. Then he stopped doing so, and I put him in jail. It has done him no good at all. He never pays. The magistrates are kind and give him every chance, but for some time now he has just been going in and coming out again.

"I don't know how it will end, and

our HUSBANDS

by Wives who have done it

I am getting past caring," she concluded wearily.

I'VE FINISHED FORGIVING

IN Mrs. J—— I met a weary wife of forty, whose married life had consisted of a continual struggle to keep her husband straight.

"It is quite a long time," she began in a tired voice, "since there was first an order made against him.

"I hated the thought of the disgrace for us both when he went to jail, but £24 is a lot of money to me, and when he had got that far behind in arrears I had to do something. None of us can live on promises, and I had long ago found that his were not worth much.

"When he went to prison I think I felt it as much as he did. Then he promised me he would mend his ways and treat me better, and like a fool I took him back to live with me.

"But within a few weeks he was back in the cell again—this time for assault. Since he came out he has disappeared, but if he does turn up I shall not forgive him again. I have finished with forgiveness where he's concerned."

SHE HAS TAKEN MY PLACE

MRS. X—— was a pathetic little creature, with a certain faded prettiness.

"It was the only way I could get anything out of him," she pleaded. "He was arrested the first time last summer, and since then he has been remanded on and off. It is the only way to make him pay.

"He is always falling out of work, and sometimes I wonder if he does it on purpose.

"I think I know how he lives. There is another woman, and I believe she is foolish enough to keep him. It makes me bitter when I think she has taken my place."

WHEN I FIND HIM—!

I FOUND Mrs. C—— a very charming young woman, neat and smart in appearance, though obviously suffering from ill health and worry. She has not jailed her husband—yet. But she is going to do so at the first opportunity.

"When I married, eight years ago, I thought I should be helping my husband by retaining my secretarial position, and I agreed to share with him the upkeep of our home.

"I kept my part of the bargain, but from the very beginning he never contributed one penny towards my maintenance or the home.

"When I had endured this for five years, and my health was breaking under the strain, a friend advised me to give my husband a fright by taking the matter to court.

"I did so and the magistrate made an order against him for my maintenance. He paid for **five** weeks: then the payments stopped. The shock of his cruelty was too much for me: I had a nervous breakdown.

"Meanwhile I heard that my husband was down on his luck and had gone to his old father for support.

"Then, to add insult to injury, he threw himself on the rates, and the guardians came down on me, demanding more than £20.

"But in court I proved that I had nothing—illness and my husband's debts had taken all my savings.

"I should certainly put my pride in my pocket now and jail my husband if I could. My life is one of daily dread. I fear his molestation in the street, I live in dread that he will come to my place of business, where they have been so good to me. Now, when I find him he will go to jail."

THE BRUTE WILL PAY

MRS. M—— was a worn-looking little woman, whose whole appearance bore the traces of hard work and worry. Her husband had been a 'bus driver.

"I have three little children," she told me, "but even that does not seem to matter to *him*. He has been a brute to me for years, and in the end I summoned him for persistent cruelty, but the case was dismissed on the grounds of 'insufficient evidence.'

"Anyway, after that he left me, taking the best part of the furniture with him, and I found he had gone to live with another woman.

"He allowed me £1 a week. That was not much for me and the kiddies, so I summoned him for failing to maintain us. The magistrate granted me 35s. a week.

"He kept this up pretty well, and when, three months later, baby was born I asked the court to increase the allowance, but without success.

"Anyway, I am determined that he shall be imprisoned if any arrears accumulate. If he can afford to keep another woman he can keep me and the children."

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GIANTS of FICTION—*Recreated by their Famous Authors (6)*

The Scarlet Pimpernel's STRANGEST RÔLE

by BARONESS ORCZY

THE rickety old van, creaking on its axles, went lumbering along the hard road. It was a bleak, frosty afternoon in mid-January. The ground was hard as iron, and the two miserable nags slithered on what was little better than sheet-ice.

If all went well Boulogne could be made before nightfall, but one never knew these days what might happen.

For the past three months every road leading to the coast had been closed against all travellers, save those provided with special permits issued by the military authorities and signed, countersigned, stamped and what-not by the local Committees of Public Safety.

Effectively at the cross-roads there was a loud command of "*Halte!*" and "No one passes!" The driver pulled up; the vague forms of sentinels of the National Guard loomed out, ghost-like, through the mist.

* * *

"I have my papers!" the driver shouted. "All in order! Here!" he added, and, thrusting his whip under his knees, he made a great show of fumbling in the pocket of his great-coat.

"Papers or no papers," came the curt retort, "no one goes through to-night."

"Why not?"

"Orders."

"But——"

"*Allons!* No argument. You can't pass here before seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

And as the driver still seemed inclined to argue, the corporal in charge took hold of the nags by the bridle and turned them in the opposite direction. To continue to wrangle after that would have been madness.

Thus it was that a quarter of an hour later the rickety van drew up at Gazemets outside the *estaminet* of the "*Trois Graces*," kept by Hector Maréchal and his wife Amélie.

Although night had now set in, the moon, almost at its full, was up and brought into bold relief the weather-beaten old van with the flaming lettering painted largely on its side: "*Cirque Angelo.*"

The moment it drew up a small crowd collected round it—children and gaffers, the maimed and the halt from the village, all its manhood being away at the wars.

They all stared open-mouthed at the tottering construction which, in addition to the flaming lettering, bore a most encouraging sub-title: "The Grandest Show the World has ever Seen."

The driver came down from his box, and out came Hector Maréchal on his doorstep ready to welcome the customers.

"You are staying the night, citizen, I hope!" he exclaimed jovially.

"We are," the driver grunted surlily, "though we are not here of our free will. We give a gala representation at Boulogne to-morrow, but that *satané* patrol turned us off at the cross-road."

"You cannot go through to the coast," Hector declared sententiously, "not unless all your papers are in order, and even then a permit is mighty difficult to get."

Whereat the driver gave a fatuous

"Open in the name of the Republic!" . . . The angry face of a young corporal was thrust forward . . .

laugh and with his numb hand tapped his broad chest on the spot where his coat-pocket was situated. Permits—pardi! Papers! He had all the papers and all the permits that were required. Was he not the proprietor of the finest circus the world had ever seen?

Papers indeed! He, Amédé Angelo, would like to meet any citizen of this free Republic who would refuse to sign what papers were required by the Angelo troupe of acrobats, jugglers, lion-tamers and natural phenomena of the most astonishing kind.

No doubt he would, in spite of the cold and his own thirst, have continued his flowery rodomontade had not the measured tramp of the patrol struck suddenly and very unpleasantly on his ear.

The fog had gradually thickened, and the peremptory command of the under-officer in charge sounded weird through the gloom.

"Now, then! Disperse! No assembly out of doors after five o'clock."

And as the small crowd failed to disperse fast enough the soldiers incontinently charged them with their bayonets until they scattered like sheep.

Only a few youngsters, bolder than the rest, hid themselves behind the angles of the house till the soldiers had gone by. They were not going to miss the most wonderful show on earth since they could see it for nothing.

But the show proved distinctly disappointing. The troupe Angelo did of a truth emerge one by one out of the van.

There were no lions or tigers, no giants or dwarfs, only a bearded woman, an abnormally fat man, another who looked the typical bruiser, with his broad shoulders and rolling gait, a clown with a floured face and red tip to his nose, and a pathetic-looking dog with appealing eyes and a frill round its neck.

* * *

Frankly, when presently they were seated at a table in a corner of the low-raftered room, Hector Maréchal did not like the look of the troupe Angelo.

They were swarthy and shaggy, and spoke French with a strange accent. Amélie, who was shrewd, declared that they were gipsies; and neither she nor Hector liked gipsies.

However, they behaved quietly enough; drank their cider and ate their supper for the most part in silence.

Precisely at seven o'clock Hector announced that the establishment would close for the night. In another five or ten minutes the patrol would be round again with "Lights out!" order.

Customers other than the troupe Angelo had already drifted homewards, nor did the latter make any demur when Hector offered to conduct them to the outhouse where they had agreed to spend the night. They rose at once and followed the landlord out of the room.

There was only one customer left in the *estaminet* at the time—a privileged one, apparently.

He was a good-looking, manly fellow, evidently accustomed to shaving and wearing clean linen. As a matter of fact, the Maréchals knew him well by sight as a commercial traveller from Lille—Armand Junot by name—who paid occasional visits to this neighbourhood, taking orders for cotton stockings and gingham skirts.

Indeed, Amélie had been so pleased with him that she had given him an order for some striped stuff she required for kitchen aprons. After the troupe Angelo had left the room he came across to the counter and laid down his money.

"You need not go yet, Citizen Junot," Amélie said affably. "The patrol won't be round yet awhile. Hector only wanted those gipsies out of the way."

"I don't blame him," the other retorted with a dry laugh.

"They are funny, aren't they?" she remarked.

"Too funny for my taste, citizeness, and if I were you . . ."

The traveller from Lille paused a moment, then added with a shrug: "But there! it's no business of mine."

(Continued on page 26)

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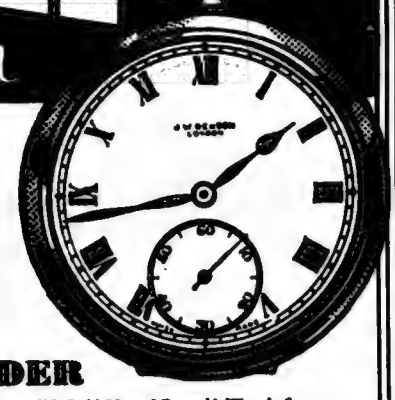

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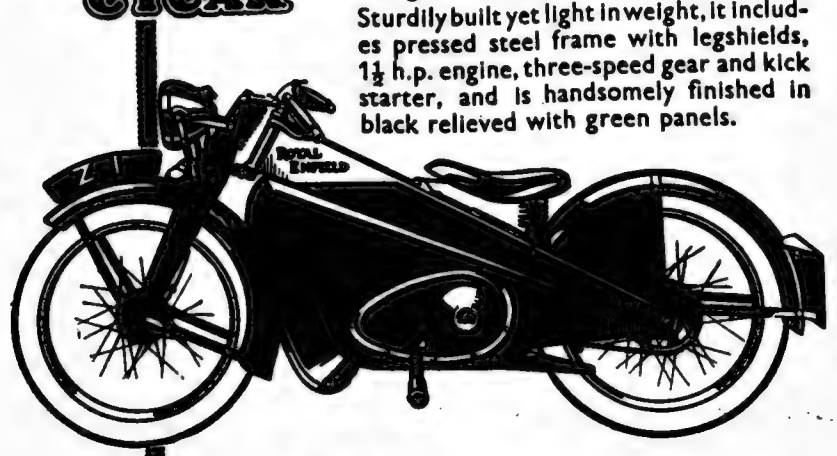

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CONVALESCENCE
AND TEETHING

The Scarlet Pimpernel's Ruse

continued from page 24

Just then Hector came back into the room. He heard his wife saying insistently:

"Tell me what is on your mind, Citizen Junot."

And Junot making feeble protest:

"Oh, nothing! It's nothing really!"

Amélie appealed to her husband.

"Hector," she said, "make Citizen Junot tell us what he thinks about those gipsies."

"I didn't say——" Junot protested again.

"You are going to now, anyway," Hector declared, "and over a bottle of that excellent Pommard which you like."

It was useless for Junot to protest further. He put down his glass, leaned over the counter and sank his voice to a whisper:

"Well, you know," he began, "that a decree of arrest was signed yesterday against the ci-devants up at the château . . ."

"You don't say . . !" they exclaimed aghast, for old M. de Noyant, with his wife and daughter, were well known and greatly beloved in the neighbourhood.

"Just as I am telling you," Junot continued. After which he paused as if to emphasise the importance of what he was going to say next.

"You have, of course, heard," he resumed after that significant pause, "of that band of English spies who go by the name of the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel?"

"Of course we have—the rascals! I believe that there is a reward of 10,000 livres for the capture of their chief."

"Well, my opinion is," and Junot now spoke with great earnestness, "that this so-called troupe Angelo is just that band of English spies in disguise. . . ."

"*Jésus! Marie! Mon Dieu!*" Amélie ejaculated, quite forgetting that such sacred names were forbidden by law to be uttered in public.

"Well, look at them!" Junot retorted. "Have you ever seen such a ridiculous circus as that? No wild beasts, no acrobats, no trapeze; a bearded woman! What do you think of her? A man with a floured face which is an excellent disguise. And that fat man . . .! Haven't you heard that the chief of that league of spies is abnormally tall and big?"

Hector struck the counter with the palm of his hand.

"You are right, Citizen Junot!" he said. "What can we do about it?"

Patrol's Challenge

They all put their heads together and made plans.

"By law," Junot declared, "the proprietor of any hostelry is bound to detain all papers belonging to customers who spend the night in his house, only to return them to their owners when they are on the point of departure."

"Well, that's easily done!" Hector declared. "I'll get those papers now."

But Amélie would not let him go.

"They are desperate men, Hector," she said. "Take care."

Which remark caused Hector to come to a halt in the middle of the room and to scratch the back of his head.

As if in response to these doubts and fears there came faintly echoing from the distance the tramp of the night patrol.

"That's the 'Lights-out' patrol," Junot remarked lightly. "I'd better be going."

"Don't go, Citizen Junot!" Amélie entreated. "Don't go!"

The patrol was coming nearer. A minute or two later the word of command "*Halte!*" came ringing through the night.

"You go to the door, Hector," Amélie said in an awed whisper, "and talk to their officer while I go and get those papers."

"Let me do that for you, citizeness," Junot protested. "You said yourself that those men were desperate."

It was while he went across to the back door that out in the road the patrol halted and the corporal in charge sounded the word of command: "Lights out!"

Then as Hector, his knees beginning to shake with terror, felt unable to move or to utter a sound, the patrol started hammering against the door.

"Open, in the name of the Republic! Open, or we break the door!"

Amélie tiptoed to the back door. It was ajar. From the outhouse at the end of the yard came the sound of men's voices cursing and arguing.

Fear lent Hector Maréchal a modicum of wit. He went to the door and opened it. The angry face of a young corporal was thrust forward under the lintel.

"Why citizen corporal," Hector exclaimed to the accompaniment of a prolonged yawn, "you caught me fast asleep! My wife just came down to wake me when she heard your knock."

"All very well!" the corporal blustered. "Why are not your lights out?"

"At once! at once, citizen corporal," Hector hastened to assure him. "Come in, won't you, and have a drink?"

"I can't. There are the men."

"That's all right, citizen. You sit down and have a drink. I'll take some hot cider to your men."

The Circus Travels—

There was no refusing such an invitation on this cold night. The corporal turned to give the order to the patrol to stand by and Amélie was able surreptitiously to take the bundle of papers which Junot at that moment was handing in to her through the back door.

The corporal had a drink, so had the men outside. Everyone was in a good temper, and when Amélie held out the papers of the troupe Angelo for the corporal's inspection he only shrugged and said lightly:

"That's not the business of the night patrol, citizeness. We are only here to see that your lights are out."

He went, and a few minutes later the measured tramp of the soldiers went echoing fainter and fainter down the hard road soon to die away in the mist.

After which Junot took leave of his friends. Hector put all lights out, and peace and darkness reigned in the *estaminet* of the "*Trois Graces*" at Gazemetz.

* * *

But the peace was violently shaken at early dawn on the morrow when the proprietor of the Cirque Angelo, being ready to go, demanded of the landlord the return of his papers.

"Here you are, Citizen Angelo," Amélie responded amiably, and took from the drawer of the dresser the bundle of papers which that good-looking Armand Junot had thrust last night into her hand.

Angelo counted over the papers. They were all there—five of them. He looked over them, and gradually a shadow like an approaching thundercloud spread over his ruddy face.

"What in the name of Satan is this?" he bellowed.

"Your papers, citizen, which you handed to us last night."

"My papers? My pa——!"

He threw them down on the floor, stamped on them and screamed:

"Give me my proper papers, you limbs of Beelzebub, or I'll . . .!"

Hector ventured to pick up the papers, while Amélie protested that these were the ones which Citizen Junot had handed to her through the back door last night.

"Junot . . .? Junot? Who the hell is Junot?" Angelo still thundered at the top of his voice. "Find him!"

But strangely enough Amélie suddenly realised that though she and Hector had been so friendly with Citizen Junot they had not the least idea where he lodged.

The proprietor of the Cirque Angelo was on the verge of a fit of apoplexy when the fat man came waddling into the room. He had a small packet in his podgy hand, and this he held out to his infuriated employer.

"We found this on the floor of the van, citizen," he said. "It is addressed to you."

The packet contained banknotes to the tune of 2,000 livres—a godsend, forsooth! — and a brief note addressed to the proprietor of the Cirque Angelo and his troupe: "With many thanks for the loan of papers which shall faithfully be returned to you all in good time.—ARMAND JUNOT, alias The Scarlet Pimpernel."

* * *

Out on the road which leads to the small coastal village of Ambleteuse a covered wagon drawn by a couple of sturdy nags went rattling merrily along. On the side of its hood was painted in bold characters: "Cirque Angelo," and below it the sub-title: "The Greatest Show in the World."

It is to be noted that the paint of this lettering was still quite fresh.

The wagon had just passed through the barrier, which on this road, as on all others that led to the coast, barred the way against all travellers, save those in possession of special permits that were very difficult to get.

But the occupants of the covered wagon had every paper and permit required by the authorities. The official ensconced in a temporary booth at the cross-road had examined those papers and checked off each traveller, according to the description on the paper.

There was a bearded woman, an abnormally fat man, a clown with floured face and red tip to his nose, and a bruiser with wide shoulders.

The official was satisfied, and the troupe Angelo was allowed to go through. At Ambleteuse an "honest" smuggler took the party on board in his boat to where a beautiful yacht was gaily riding the waves of the English Channel.

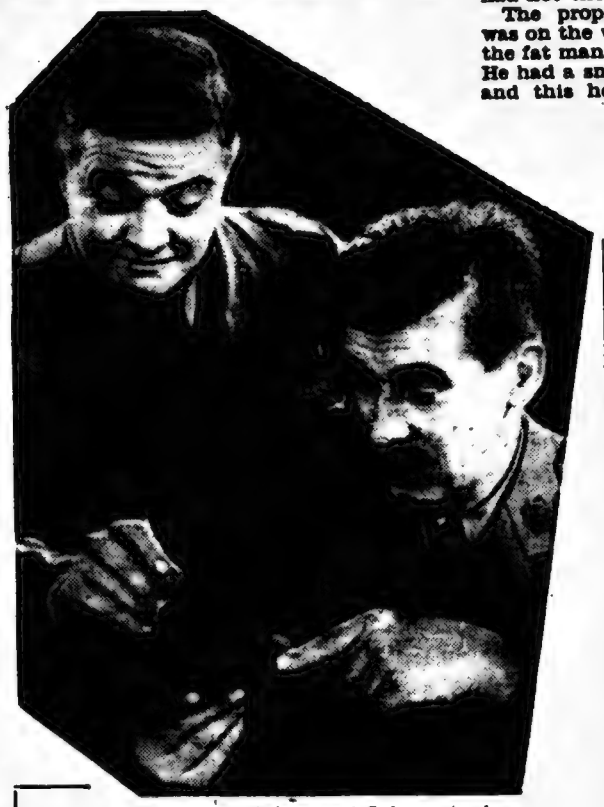
The name of the yacht was *The Daydream*, and the fat man, having shed the disguise, welcomed on board her M. de Noyant, Madame and Mademoiselle.

Madame, laughing and happy, spent a whole hour getting rid of her beard, and Mademoiselle vowed that as soon as she got to England she would once more flour her face and tint the tip of her nose.

M. de Noyant sighed and looked up at the elegant figure of his gallant rescuer.

"But how did you get those blessed, blessed papers, milor?" he asked.

The Pimpernel merely smiled.



'Olly'ocks! Trotter and Osborne in the film version of "Journey's End"

Sequel to "JOURNEY'S END"!

THERE need be no more speculation as to whether R. C. Sherriff can add anything to his world-famous drama of the war. He has done it—at our request—and JOHN BULL readers will be privileged to enjoy this "scoop" next week.

In "Journey's Other End" the author has recreated the lovable Lieutenant Trotter, and the result is a masterly cameo of exceptional human appeal.

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by R. C. Sherriff

IN JOHN BULL I tell the story of the fulfilment of Trotter's ambition: to revisit the battlefields of France with his wife and two boys, to show them scenes that are hallowed in his memory, or, to use his own words, "to have a nose round the old places for a last time."

For years he has planned to take his boys when they are old enough to understand, and although disappointment meets him where time has swept away old, cherished landmarks, he feels, in the end, that his pilgrimage has been worth while.

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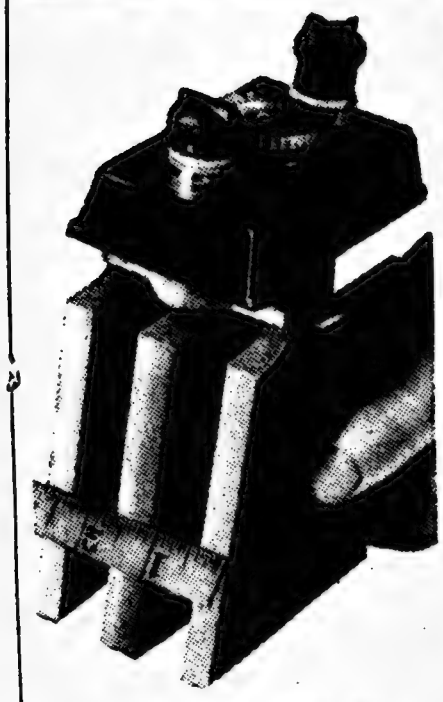

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Condemned Constable's PLIGHT

RUINED ON 10/- CHARGE

ALTHOUGH he has more than seventeen years of honourable service to his credit, Albert Edward Jarman, of Newport, Monmouthshire, has been hounded out of the local Borough Police Force on the flimsiest of charges.

Through the high-handed action of the local Watch Committee he has been denied a proper trial and was not even allowed to be legally represented.

As a result his fine record has been virtually destroyed, his character is gone, and, having been forced to resign from the police under a cloud, it is well-nigh impossible for him to obtain any other employment.

For months he has striven to clear his name of this terrible stigma, and when all efforts had failed he recently resorted to the desperate expedient of breaking a window in the Newport police headquarters to draw attention to his plight.

But he was unable to voice his grievance adequately in the police court, and was simply fined and ordered to pay the costs, the alternative being fourteen days.

Just a joke—

Several prominent local men, knowing his case, offered to pay on his behalf, but Mr. Jarman declined to take advantage of their kindly gesture. He also refused to pay anything himself, and though he duly surrendered at the expiration of the time given, he has not been sent to prison.

Though this last, frantic attempt to gain a public hearing may have been misguided, it is easy to understand the despair which prompted his action, and we think his case deserves the fullest possible publicity.

His tragedy dates from a day when he left his station to go on his beat in company with a young constable. As they were walking along, Jarman suddenly stooped and, according to testimony later given by the constable, picked something up and put it in his pocket.

"Half a quid!" Jarman said in a spirit of fun, but later confided that the whole thing was a joke, and that actually he had picked up a tram ticket.

In fact, he immediately afterwards

Hounded out—Jarman on duty in Newport

mentioned to other officers that he had "kidded" the young constable—a practice very common in police circles when "breaking in" a young recruit.

But two days later Jarman was told by his superior officer that there was a "serious charge" against him—that of "stealing by finding" a 10s. Treasury note. He immediately declared his innocence.

On the reported evidence of the young constable, it transpired, enquiries had been made in the neighbourhood of the supposed find, and a Mrs. Pollard had come forward to say that a 10s. note had been lost by her son.

It was decided that Jarman must appear before the Watch Committee, but he was confident that no charge could be sustained—particularly as Mrs. Pollard declared that the note had not been lost until *after* Jarman had been seen to pick up "something."

At the first hearing before the Watch Committee Jarman was legally represented, but it was adjourned when only two constables had given evidence.

For some inexplicable reason, the Watch Committee decided at the next hearing not to allow Jarman to be legally represented, with the result that he had to take over his own defence at a moment's notice.

Mrs. Pollard and her husband actually appeared on *his* behalf.

They were emphatic in their statements that the 10s. note lost by their son could not possibly have been found by Jarman.

Indeed, Mr. Pollard explained that he himself was in the street and saw Jarman pass on his beat *before* the lad even left the house!

In the face of this evidence the Watch Committee required Jarman to resign forthwith or to submit to dismissal.

It is impossible to imagine how it arrived at such a decision. During Jarman's seventeen years of loyal service not a single black mark has been recorded against him.

There is no case!

A certificate of character issued *after* his forced resignation definitely states that for those seventeen years his conduct was exemplary!

Several prominent citizens of Newport, whom Jarman knew in his official capacity, have rallied to his support—among them Captain Gower, formerly Chief Constable of Newport, who vouches for his fine record.

As he was Jarman's chief for sixteen years his opinion is of the highest importance.

Jarman, he declares, was an excellent type of police officer and boasted an absolutely unblemished record, both in the force and in the Army during the war.

It is scandalous that a man who has thus proved his worth should have his career shattered in this way. Had he been prosecuted in a police court, as he has repeatedly demanded to be, it is almost certain that no charge could possibly have been sustained against him.

Even if he had been guilty—though there is no evidence to warrant such an assumption—the punishment he has been made to bear is out of all proportion to the alleged offence. He has been disgraced and ruined and has lost both job and pension.

Give him justice!

Yet the Newport Watch Committee is adamant and will not reopen Jarman's case, despite the fact that the evidence is all in his favour and warrants that he should be given the benefit of the doubt.

If ever there was a case demanding the intervention of the Home Office it is this, and we hope the officials there will view this tragedy with a greater sense of justice and more humanity than has been displayed by the Newport Watch Committee.

DANGEROUS Miss Red-Head

A LOT of people are looking for an attractive young woman with bobbed, auburn hair, who has lately passed as Mrs. Lilian Kelly, the wife of Joseph Kelly, a crook who impudently passes as an officer in the Mercantile Marine.

Until recently, she and her husband were occupying apartments in Tilbury, Essex, and the latter was understood to be on leave after a prolonged voyage.

They seemed a very quiet and pleasant-mannered couple, and, from the information they imparted about themselves, it appeared that their home was in Ireland, and Mrs. Kelly had come to Tilbury to meet her husband because he would have to put to sea again very soon.

* * *

After they had been in residence a few days, Kelly left one morning for the ostensible purpose of visiting the Pall Mall office of the famous shipping line in which he was supposed to be employed.

Mrs. Kelly said that she didn't feel like journeying up to London, so would rest at home until he returned.

He never did return, and far from resting, the charming Mrs. Kelly busied herself by making a furtive tour of some of the bedrooms in the boarding-house and helping herself to everything of value she could conveniently stow away in small compass.

Then she slipped out to "do some shopping"; and that was the last seen of *her!*

* * *

This is only one of many similar complaints that have been lodged against this woman recently, and it is clear that she works as the accomplice of a number of crooks.

Her real name is Lily Jobson, while the man who assisted her in the Tilbury coup is a dangerous rogue named Harold Smith.

This couple have operated at Cambridge, Liverpool, Gloucester, London, and in the vicinity of most of the principal docks.

But they are constantly on the move, and have contrived, so far, to cover up their tracks most effectively.

Victims describe Lily Jobson as being about thirty years of age; always smartly dressed and noticeably fastidious about her hair. She is also said to speak with a slight north country accent.

Information regarding her present movements would be welcomed by the police.

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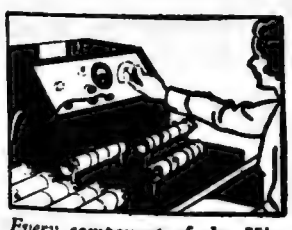

Every component of the Kit-Set is carefully tested at the Factory.

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Assembly is simplicity itself. A novice can build the receiver in less than three hours. There are no wires to cut, no soldering, no drilling. Many components already have their wires attached to them, thus facilitating the ease with which the instrument may be put together. Multiple cable assembly is provided and fully colour coded. It is practically impossible to make a mistake in wiring or to get an accidental short circuit (a common trouble with many Kit-Sets). *All work on the chassis is completed before it is inserted in the cabinet.* An explicit instruction book takes you step by step making every operation clearly understood and simple to carry out.

CAREFULLY DESIGNED COMPONENTS

The 'Big 3' employs high efficiency metallised Marconi valves for the detector and low frequency stages, and a Marconi pentode valve in the output stage. The loudspeaker, specially matched to the output valve, is of the compensated reed type, which ensures reproduction covering an extremely wide range of musical frequencies. Valve holders are mounted in one piece ready for connection. The Zonophone 'Big 3' is a product of the great "His Master's Voice" factory at Hayes.

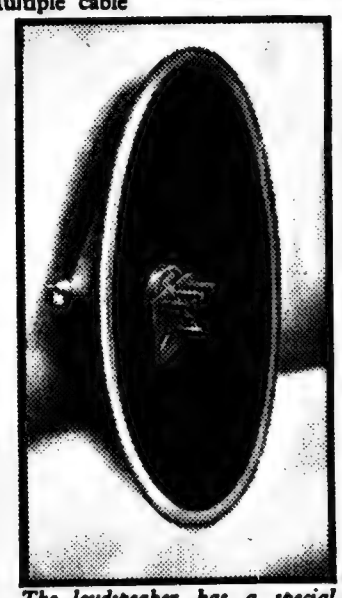
EVERY PART TESTED

Every component of the Kit-Set is thoroughly tested during manufacture and again tested before it leaves the factory.

EASY HIRE PURCHASE

You can buy this outstanding Kit-Set complete with loud speaker and valves for 6 guineas—or an initial payment of 14/6 and 12 monthly payments of 10/- at the rate of 2/6 a week.

(Price does not apply in Irish Free State).



The loudspeaker has a special cone and is of the compensated reed type.

Illustration shewing how neat and compact the set looks when assembled.

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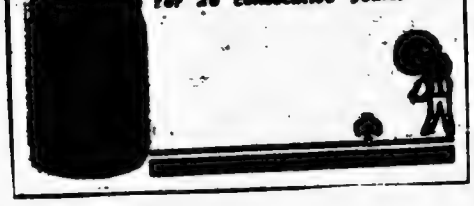

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

When HOME CAN BE— HELL!

IT used to be said that we British were a home - loving people. But is it true to-day?

"In a few years there will be no married folk left," said a cynic to me the other day. He based his argument on the fact that the Divorce Court is working overtime; that our judges are hard-pressed to deal with the failures in the matrimonial market.

On the surface there is something to be said for his contention. The tragedies of marriage are blazed abroad. The Divorce Court attracts the glare of notoriety.

But don't be under any misapprehension. There are far more happy marriages than is generally believed. No one ever sits down to count them—it would be too dull. The spice of scandal would be missing.

Tens of thousands of marriages take place every year. They can't all be successes. There must be some who find they have made a mistake. A few of these people have recently appealed to me for advice.

A Birmingham reader has written, as he says, "to open his heart to me."

Successful in business, with no monetary troubles, he lives in a comfortable house just outside the city. But in his home there is no soul. His wife is one in name only, and there exists not a spark of affection between them.

"I was only twenty years old when I met her, and from the first it was just passion on both sides. But in the name of respectability my parents forced me to marry her. We were utterly unsuited to each other, and the years have only added to the folly already committed.

"I have tolerated this farce for twenty-four years and have always felt I would see it through to the end. But now I have met somebody to whom I am deeply attached. I have been honest with my wife and told her everything about it, but she flatly refuses to divorce me.

"What can I do? I feel it would be unfair to continue my association with this girl unless I am able to marry her. She would be ostracised by her relations and friends."

Isn't it Too Late?

I would like to ask my correspondent this question: Has he any children? If so, he owes a duty to them.

No father can discard his offspring like an old suit, and, especially if they are under age, they have a right to his guidance and protection. In fairness to them he should hesitate before breaking up his home. If he is without children, that responsibility does not exist.

But his problem has another aspect that may have escaped him. He calls his married life "a farce"—it sounds more like a tragedy to me. He has lived with his wife for twenty-four years. Surely it is rather late in the day to talk of leaving her now. If he had done so before she might have had the chance of finding someone else.

In these days a man "with no monetary troubles and a comfortable house" has little difficulty in finding a girl of sorts, but no one will accuse me of being unkind when I say that middle-aged women are not at a premium.

It strikes me my correspondent is rather selfish. He was prepared to tolerate it until someone else came along. And now he is anxious to leave his wife in the lurch.

Let me make it clear. I hold no brief for the loveless marriage. Such a union is a contradiction of terms. It is not a sacrament—it is a rank blasphemy.

Yet if the man's wife will not divorce him, no power on earth can make her do so. He has therefore only two courses open to him: Either he must remain loyal to his marriage vows or break them for the sake of the girl he thinks he now loves.

He is not blind to the risks and drawbacks of the latter alternative. If the girl is willing he may think it worth while. I don't.

The Maniac Wife

But there are other problems where I think a divorce is the only way out. Here is one of them:

My correspondent is a young bank clerk who, three years ago, became engaged to the daughter of a well-to-do stockbroker. During their courtship nothing in the girl's condition suggested any weakness in her intellect, but shortly after their marriage signs of mental instability developed.

Cold and callous one day, she would be fiery and passionate the next. After repulsing her husband's advances, she would immediately upbraid him for his cruel indifference.

Jealous of every minute spent away from her, she often went so far as to shadow him when he left the bank, and would make all kinds of baseless insinuations against him.

It was not long before the effect was seen in his work, and one day he made a serious blunder in his accounts. Called into the manager's office, he was pressed for an explanation.

At first he hesitated; then, very reluctantly, he confessed that his domestic ship had struck the rocks, and that life for him had become a complete wreck.

Shortly afterwards that girl was examined by a well-known mental expert, and he diagnosed her complaint as a serious form of sex mania.

That was over two years ago. The woman is still a patient in a private mental home. Every month my correspondent visits her, and every time he returns to an empty home disappointed and distressed.

Recently an impartial panel of three medical men were asked to examine her. In their report they said that there is no possibility of an improvement in the patient's mental condition, but they added that her physical strength is good and her vitality strong and vigorous. She may easily live to be eighty.

That is the tragic story, and, alas, it is by no means an isolated one. There are thousands to-day who are similarly circumstanced.

Now, as things go, such a husband has no redress. He is bound to his wife so long as our present laws are in force.

It is some years since Lord Buckmaster brought in a Bill to release these victims, but it is still where it was—in the talking stage—and in the meantime thousands of lives are ruined and homes are blighted.

Let me make my own position clear. I am not in favour of the American system of easy divorce, by which a man can change his wife as easily as his clothes or work. But I do hold that it is a foul blot on our civilisation to keep a person tied to a raving and incurable lunatic.

Why should these innocent victims be denied the earthly paradise enjoyed by the happily married?

My correspondent can only press his Member of Parliament to support a new Bill which is shortly to be introduced to make such marriages null and void.

My third problem comes from a young fellow in Yorkshire, who is quite blunt about things.

He tells me that he has been very foolish, and has associated with a girl who is known to be a loose character, and he questions the paternity of the child that has been born to her.

At the proceedings in the police court the magistrate asked, "Are you prepared to marry her if we make an order against you?" And my correspondent goes on:

Loveless Horror

"The banns have been put up and we are to be married in a fortnight's time. But I hate to think of this marriage that is being forced on me. I know it will turn out badly."

Of course it will. How can it do anything else? He has grave suspicions about the girl he is to marry. How can there be any mutual trust and love?

Their tastes and temperaments may be such that domestic life will mean purgatory for both. And yet they are to take each other for better or worse until death parts them. In the sight of man and the Church they are made one. But their lives will continue to be wide as the poles asunder.

What is my advice to him?—that he reads the history of my Birmingham correspondent and profits from his experience.

TELL "Humanist" about that trouble which is causing you anxiety. He promises to do his utmost to help you overcome it. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

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"FARES, please! Fares, please!" The conductor of the 'bus on which I was travelling the other day looked enquiringly round, but a woman who had got on while he was upstairs suddenly became very immersed in her newspaper and remained silent.

After a penny ride she went out, only to be asked for her penny by the conductor as she was leaving. She paid it with ill grace, as if the conductor was insulting her!

The incident is not uncommon. I had a chat with the conductor when we were nearing the terminus and the 'bus was empty.

"A dozen people a day try it on," he said. "I don't know how many get away with it, but if an inspector gets on and finds someone without a ticket, it's me that gets into trouble."

I gathered that other passengers were in the habit of giving the conductor two shillings and then demanding change for half-a-crown.

"It cost me a pretty penny the first week I was working," he said. "Now I always keep the coin in my hand until I have given the change."

To me it seems amazing that hundreds of men and women who are scrupulously honest about everything else do not hesitate to cheat the 'bus and tram companies.

Most of them would be distinctly hurt if you told them they were thieves, yet in a way they are every bit as bad as the man who takes coppers from the till or the woman who shoplifts in a West End store.

They are sometimes quite frank about their petty dishonesties and openly boast about them, whereas their friends know that they could safely trust them with fifty pounds.

The whole trouble lies in lack of thought Just as the boy who pulls off flies' wings does not fully realise what he is doing, so those who make it a habit of cheating public companies do not think of the ultimate results of their dishonest acts.

You rob the poor

In the first place, the conductor of the 'bus has either to make up the deficit himself at the end of the day or to confess that he must have made a mistake.

This is certainly the case when a florin has been successfully passed off as half-a-crown. It is not a rich company with a capital of millions that is cheated, but a man who has to keep a wife and children on three pounds a week.

The man may get into trouble with an inspector through no fault of his own, and, lastly, the hundreds who travel without tickets, even for short journeys, bring down the traffic receipts appreciably in the course of a year.

If this class of petty crime were generally recognised as something to be ashamed of, instead of with indifference or something to boast about, it would soon disappear.

I suggest that the penalty for being caught might be the wearing of a special badge for a month as a danger signal to conductors and ticket-collectors!

These people who cheat the railway and 'bus companies are drawn from all classes of society.

I have been amazed to find that men and women who can write a cheque for several hundred pounds will stoop to cheat the 'bus conductor.

Yet these very men and women, if they discovered anyone cheating on a grand scale, would probably never recognise them again!

Not dissimilar is the person who cheats at games—the woman who calls a ball "out" at tennis when she knows that it was really "in," and the man who appeals for a catch behind the wicket, although he knows perfectly well that the ball did not touch the bat.

Stealing—euphemistically

Perhaps there is some excuse for this kind of cheating, as it is often done in the heat of the moment.

There used to be, and possibly still is, a peculiar kind of schoolgirl morality which allowed you to "bag" something belonging to someone else—as long as it was not money.

In schoolgirl slang "bagging" is the equivalent of stealing, but it sounds very much less unpleasant, and I have known girls and boys, who would not take a penny from their mother's purse, think nothing of "bagging" each other's pens, pencils, and even books.

A few people carry this "bagging" into adult life. Quite recently a friend of mine was invited by a young acquaintance to tea and to inspect his flat, which he assured him was Bohemian and unique.

The souvenir hound

At first my friend could not understand why it was unique, and then he saw on the window a neat notice: "Do not lean out of the window—*Ne pas se pencher.*"

"A souvenir of a visit to the Continent," the host explained with a smile.

In five minutes my friend realised that the flat was almost entirely furnished with articles "bagged" from hotels and railways.

The door handles were a very familiar brass shape. The cups and saucers bore the names of well-known hotels. So did the towel in the bathroom.

Even his razor-strop was the leather of a window handle from a railway carriage.

The young man was very proud of his efforts—he called them "souvenirs"—but when he told my friend that even the electric lights were "pinched," I began to wonder how much the railway companies and hotels lost every year from "souvenirs."

I am assured that the bill for stolen lamps on one railway alone is £3,000 a year—which is paid, of course, not by the company, but by the public.

In the case of hotels, the petty thefts are particularly mean, because the thief knows that if he is caught there will probably be no prosecution.

Little, but despicable

What is the remedy?

Children must be shown that "bagging," "pinching," and stealing are one and the same thing.

Parents must set an example by recognising that swindling a public company, even if it can "well afford it," is every bit as bad, and even more mean, than stealing from a friend.

Small acts may, and often do, have a far more devastating effect than big acts. The real crime of the petty thief is that he or she lacks imagination.

Edith Picton-Turbervill wonders—

ARE WE A NATION of THIEVES?

She knows that to cheat the conductor is as bad as robbing the till.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A HUSBAND'S NIGHTMARE

Rosie

"I HAVEN'T got a penny piece coming in from anywhere" is the perfectly true statement of Rosie's dad. Yet he is a man with a fine character, who has worked hard ever since he was discharged from the Army.

After working five years with his father on a greengrocery round, he had saved enough to start a round of his own, and in May, 1929, was able to buy a lock-up shop.

All went well until May, 1931, when his luck changed completely. His wife had a bad fall and broke her arm. Three weeks later, while her arm was still in a sling, she fell and broke her left kneecap. And, at that time, he had an attack of pneumonia and pleurisy.

As there was no one to look after his business, his trade began to slip away. He had no sooner recovered from this illness than he had appendicitis.

His wife got a job bringing in 18s. a week. Then she fell for the third time and broke her right kneecap. She is now in hospital, where her knee has been operated on, but she will probably be a cripple and unable to work again.

As Rosie's dad is not eligible for the "dole," she, the only child, now aged eleven years, is with her grannie, who cannot afford to keep her.

Her father's shop was, of course, given up some time ago, and now he has had to give up their lodging, as he could not meet the rent.

His nightmare is the thought of having no home for his wife to come to.

"If," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I could only get a little money, I would make a start again with a hand barrow."

And this is where our readers come in. Any donations they are good enough to send earmarked for Rosie's dad, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will help to start the barrow on a round. Other donations help other cases, and will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given.

JOHN BULL'S SEARCHLIGHT REVEALS BONDMAN AS PURE AND DEPENDABLE

BONDMAN Empire Blend

IN AIR-TIGHT TINS 10d PER OZ.

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 11½d. PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

This All-British Cycle is YOURS!

FOR ONLY 6/- PER MONTH

FULLY GUARANTEED

Note the Fine Specification:—Frame and Forks of best quality Weldless Steel Tubing. Dunlop "CHAMPION" TYRES. Saddle: Leatherette 3-Coil. Free Wheel: "Villiers" Roller Chain ½ in. x ⅛ in. Finish: Enamelled best brilliant black over one coat of special rust preventative and lined. Heavily chromium plated. Sizes: Gent's 22, 24, 26 in. Ladies', 22 and 24 in. Boys' and Girls', 18 and 20 in.

CASH PRICE **59/6**

Or 12 monthly payments 6/-. 3-speed 20/- extra. Ladies' and Girls' Model 67/6, or 12 payments 6/6. 3-speed 22/- extra. Carriage 3/6 extra outside London area.

GAMAGES HOLBORN E.C.1
also 101, Cheapside E.C.2.

EASY CURE FOR CATARRH

You need not suffer from Catarrh. Even bad Chronic Catarrh gets instant relief with Nostroline Nasal Specific. "Nostroline" removes the congestion and soothes the sore and tender membrane of the nose. Disperses hard crusts, banishes any dizziness or drumming noises, clears head and ends catarrhal deafness. The best remedy for stuffy Head Colds. Splendid for children. 1/3 at all chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.72, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

"Puritan Salts" for Constipation, 1d. per box at Chemists

SUFFERED 20 YEARS

RELIEF NOW TOO WONDERFUL FOR WORDS

Indigestion caused Mrs. Nicholson no end of misery and many sleepless nights. But BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER gave her wonderful relief—read what she says:—

"For a period of 20 years I have been a sufferer from Indigestion, which caused me no end of misery and many sleepless nights.

"Remedies upon remedies I tried without relief, until recently I sent for a sample of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER. This gave me great relief, and I lost no time in getting a larger sized tin.

"I really cannot describe on paper what relief it has given me—it is too wonderful for words. Now I can eat whatever I fancy."—Yours gratefully,
(Mrs.) H. NICHOLSON, Jeffrey's Farm, Billingshurst, Sussex.

ACCEPT THIS FREE OFFER NOW

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is send coupon in ½d. stamped, unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (it is put up for Free Trial only and is not for sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the ONLY remedy for indigestion and its kindred ailments. Birley's is tasteless and harmless. BRITISH LABOUR, BRITISH BRAINS & BRITISH CAPITAL MAKE IT.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

IS THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH BILIOUSNESS FLATULENCE PALPITATION HEARTBURN GASTRITIS

FREE 9D TIN POST PAID

Of all Chemists in 1/3, 5/- and 5/- tins only, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors' Drug Co., Timothy Whites, Hodders, etc.

COUPON No. 74

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.,
16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.

Send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more.
Please write clearly.

Constant Powdering Bad For Skin

Says Specialist

Many women feel that they must be constantly dabbing on powder in order to prevent shiny noses or glistening faces. They never stop to realize what effect this may have upon their skin.

A new and clever idea now enables any woman to powder once in the morning and have it last all day. A teaspoonful of mousse of cream added to a favourite face powder makes it so clinging and adherent that it stays on in spite of sun, wind or rain and even in the hottest ballroom.

In Poudre Tokalon, the mousse of cream is scientifically blended with the finest air-floated powder. Thus, Poudre Tokalon is the only genuine mousse of cream face powder. It acts as a splendid skin tonic, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores—such as constant powdering may do. Apply Poudre Tokalon to-morrow morning to your face and watch results. Only 1/- a box. Double size 1/6.

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists

BEWARE THE DANGER MONTHS for CHILDREN

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, and other complaints which are so prevalent at this time of the year, tax the strength and vitality of children to such a degree that it becomes necessary to assist nature in recovering health.

Roboleine

MAKES WEAKLY CHILDREN STRONG AND HEALTHY.

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR 25 YEARS.

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Handforth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.
Name .....
Address .....
J.B.13. .....

Take MY Advice . . .

Never Go *to* Law!

by A FAMILY LAWYER

He points to the Courts of Law—"Keep out," he counsels his client

"NEVER go to law." That is the very best advice I can give anyone after thirty years of varied experience.

My great regret is that I did not give up the profession years ago when I was still young enough to begin a new career.

My sole consolation is that from the day I realised how the legal machine really works I have always endeavoured to dissuade clients from embarking on litigation. That I did not invariably succeed was due to the fact that there are constantly to be found obstinate men who insist on "fighting for the principle of the thing."

I cannot recall, however, a single case where a sane man indulged in that luxury twice

Let me turn over my files and give you some typical instances of ruin wrought by lawsuits. Even where absolute ruin was not the price paid, they resulted in burdens of debt for costs, broken hearts and embittered disillusionment. Professional confidences must be preserved, so I use fictitious names.

* * *

Jones was a steady young man looking forward to a happy marriage. His fiancée helped him to choose a house on a new building estate. Ten pounds down, forty pounds on completing the contract when the house was ready, and the balance on easy mortgage terms.

He paid the first deposit of ten pounds, but when it came to signing the contract he found that the mortgage terms offered by the building society were far from easy—quite different from those set out on the hoardings surrounding the estate, and much larger monthly instalments than he could possibly undertake to pay.

He refused to complete. Had he been wise or experienced he would have rested content to forfeit his deposit. Instead, he decided to sue for its return. That's how the tragedy began.

Mountain of debt

The county court judge held in his favour. The defendants appealed. The Divisional Court (two judges) overruled the decision of the county court on a "point" of law.

Jones' blood was now up. He went to the Court of Appeal. The three judges there overruled the decision of the Divisional Court (though for varying reasons) and restored the verdict which Jones had won in the first instance.

The defendants, a wealthy company operating on a large scale, went up to the House of Lords. There they won a majority verdict, three of the Law Lords being in their favour and two against.

The final result, therefore, was that Jones lost his case, although six judges in all had held that he was right, and only five that he was wrong.

Thus was one more mite of legal lore added to the mountain of judge-made law—at Jones' expense. The total costs he was called upon to meet—his own as well as his successful opponents'—fell just short of one thousand pounds.

All his savings went. He had to wait nine years before a small legacy enabled him to marry at all. At two pounds per month he is still paying off the balance of his law costs.

It will take him the rest of his life, if he lives to a ripe old age, to finish paying

Not even lavishly remunerated judges know the law. Litigants pay for the judges' lessons and experiments. Surely the State which employs the judges should foot the bill when they go wrong!

There are scores of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" cases dragging their ruinous trails through the Chancery Court to this day.

The jury hazard

I had in hand an estate worth about £1,200 when the testator died, some four years ago Sixty odd pounds is left. Not a single legatee has had a penny piece. But several "interesting" points of law have been argued in court since the will was opened, "costs to be borne by the estate." Did Dickens indict in vain, after all?

We have made too much of a fetish of juries. Their views are even more incalculable than the judges'.

In recent years many claims for personal injuries resulting from motor-car collisions have passed through my hands. I settled when I could, preferring a hundred pounds as compensation to a possible thousand by way of damages in a court of law.

For I knew that the biggest gamble of all the hazards involved in lawsuits was the jury's verdict. Sentiment, prejudice, inexperience—all have the fullest scope in jury cases.

Unless I briefed an extremely eloquent and artful (and correspondingly expensive) K.C., I could not feel confident that my client would have a sporting chance. One has to think in terms of "sporting chance," mark you, when resorting to our courts of justice

Even if we won the day the chances were that the K.C.'s fee, or most of it, would be "disallowed on taxation." For it is a widespread delusion that the winner of an action at law can recover the whole of his costs from the unsuccessful party.

Miss Smith, a typist, was knocked down in the street by a motor-lorry. Her leg was amputated, and a sympathetic jury assessed her loss at £3,000.

Young Burton, nearing the end of an expensive training, was about to qualify as an air-pilot. He, too, lost a leg in consequence of having been knocked down by a motor-lorry.

The circumstances of the two accidents were similar. Yet the jury gave Burton £1,200 for his limb, and that, too, only after one jury had disagreed as to whether he was entitled to any damages at all and a re-trial had been ordered.

Without his leg Burton's career was finished (as the evidence proved), whilst Miss Smith could still continue her normal occupation.

Too dear for the rich

Most of our Dominions and Colonies, in common with the rest of the modern world, have abolished the distinction between solicitor and barrister. We still cling to the antiquated system of a "lower" and a "higher" branch in the legal profession.

Crushed between these upper and nether millstones the British litigant is denied justice enjoyed overseas. Double fees for lawyers mean justice denied for clients.

In a case of any substance or difficulty, moreover, fees are trebled. For the solicitor must "instruct" a barrister, who, in turn, must be "led" by a K.C.

Even merchant princes and wealthy companies are keeping out of courts of law, more and more, as the recent report of the London Chamber of Commerce calling for a complete overhauling of the legal system amply demonstrates.

Justice which is too dear for them is certainly beyond the reach of the average man.

Until we get younger and more brisk judges, courts in every district competent to try every sort of case, no hierarchy of appeal courts, lower costs, speedier trials, and simplified rules of procedure, litigation will never be a businesslike proposition.

So until then, if you are wise, you will swallow your pride, and never indulge in the insane gamble of going to law.

MAGNIFICENCE *for Twopence!*

Another magnificent number of the new and greatly enlarged *Picturegoer* is on sale to-day. It contains a magnificent cover in three colours; 32 pages in photogravure of pictures and special features; a further instalment of the amazing adventures of that "Wicked Gold-Digging Blonde," Mary Nolan, artist's model and "Follies Girl"; a £2,000 Must-be-Won Picture Competition.

And the price is still only 2d. Make sure of your copy to-day!

A WONDERFUL PEACEMAKER

Making friends with our false teeth

A little stiffness, a little unfamiliarity about a new suit or a new pair of boots does not worry us unduly. We can accustom ourselves to them gradually by wearing them only occasionally at first. But with new teeth it is different. From the very moment the dentist fits them in our mouth they become a permanent part of our daily life. And a very disagreeable part they often are. We are quite certain we shall never get used to this mouthful of slippery, chafing discomfort. In fact, if we are to judge by the hundreds of letters received on the subject, it was, until Milton came, a very long and troublesome business getting used to dentures at all.

From the outset Milton proved an astonishing peacemaker between new dentures and their wearers. The simple method of soaking them in a solution of Milton and cold water turns these nasty-tasting, uncomfortable newcomers into something fragrant and unobtrusive with which the wearer instantly feels at home and at ease. That such an amazing change can be brought about seems little short of a miracle, yet we have the assurance of the big hospitals that such is indeed the case, and that Milton can do the miracle but cannot do any harm. When applied to false teeth Milton is, in fact, one of the little luxuries of life—a sixpenny luxury which in this case lasts for four weeks—of which the real value cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings and pence. The ease of mind which results from the new mouth comfort and the relief from irritation it brings is alone worth a fortune. Milton has done as much as all the skill of modern dental mechanics to make our false teeth feel from the start *like our own!*

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY FOR PERFECT FOOT COMFORT?

Immediate relief from painful callouses need not be an expensive matter. The "Trimfoot" Way is effective, immediate and cheap. "Trimfoot" is a neat, light, leather device—containing NO METAL whatever—which slips into the shoe you are wearing now. It takes the weight of your body from the painful spot, and you can walk and dance and enjoy yourself in complete comfort and freedom from pain.

TRIMFOOT COSTS ONLY 2/11

Wizard TRIMFOOT

Ladies' sizes, 2/11 per pair. With heel correcting device, 3/3 per pair. Men's sizes, 3/8 and 3/11 per pair. When ordering by post send pencil outline of feet. "Trimfoot" is so light that you are never conscious of its presence—so don't spend a day longer in pain.

Obtainable from all Branches

BOOTS THE CHEMISTS, SAXONE SHOE CO., LTD., and leading shoe-shops throughout the country, or from

WIZARD FOOT COMFORT SERVICE, Bradford Street, Walsall.

* Have you sent for YOUR Free Copy?

Smart's wonderful 1932 80-page Stop Press Catalogue Free and Post Free. Containing new amazing bargains, terms, full protection, etc. Write now to: Smarts (Dept. 78), 19-25, Oxford St., London, W.1.
Mention "John Bull" when writing.

"CHEST COLD removed overnight"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'."
Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

new technique destroys MOUTH GERMS

cause of ugly yellow teeth

Quickly and safely, Kolynos with its Dry-Brush Technique destroys the germs the presence of which leads to decay, ugly yellow teeth and gum troubles. That's why Kolynos will whiten your teeth—fully 3 shades in 3 days—and keep them white through the years. While brushing and for 3 hours after each brushing, the Kolynos antiseptic foam cleans teeth down to the naked white enamel without injury. If you want dazzling white teeth and firm, pink gums switch to Kolynos. Get Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

IT'S GOOD TO GARGLE

Germs invade through mouth and nose. But Liquid Kolynos is a sure safeguard. Use it as a mouthwash, gargle, and spray for the nose. About 15 drops in a third of a tumbler of water will suffice for a soothing disinfectant which kills all germs, strengthens sensitive membranes, clears the nose and throat and removes stuffiness. Get the sprinkler flask to-day. Of chemists 1/6 or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept. L.C.35), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

GENEROUS

IN THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THEY GIVE TO SMOKERS.

PLAYER'S

The Full Value Cigarette

10 for 6D
20 for 11½D

N.C.C. 97.

CHRONIC
BACKACHE

Why will you suffer longer?

KIDNEY TROUBLE
may cause untold agonies

Chronic backache, rheumatic twinges, swollen joints, body pains, weakness in the limbs—you must face the fact that kidney trouble is the real cause of that agony that makes life hateful.

There are thousands of workers in farm, factory and office, women engaged in homely duties, and others who urgently advise that *you*, too, should start to regain health by adopting a short course with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Mrs. A. Lake, writing from 40, Denmark Road, Lowestoft, says:—"Owing to terrible backache I had to stay in bed for several weeks, but after a short course with De Witt's Pills I found relief and am now as active as ever."

De Witt's Pills cost but 3/-, or larger size, 5/-. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see and know this remedy is doing you good. Be sure you get the 40 years tried and trusted remedy,

DE WITT'S
Kidney and Bladder Pills

THE BIG TWO

Send for "The Big Two"
LONG ODDS PRICE LIST
FOR THE
LINCOLN
AND
NATIONAL

A
COMPLETE SERVICE
FOR EVERY CLASS OF BET

STARTING PRICE
Single Events—No Limit, Win or Place, Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems all accepted.

TOTE ODDS—Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

The Official Tote Daily Double.

FOOTBALL
Fourteen 'Challenger' lists to choose from.
FIXED PRICE LISTS and
LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR
Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Good Sisters of Evil Alley

POLICEMEN walk in twos at night through Evil Alley, E. The Green-and-White Sisters walk alone, even at 1 or 2 a.m.

For the worst characters in London are as much their guardians as the police. Badness melts when they are about.

There is a scurry of cats, the flash of a police lamp—and one of the Green-and-White Sisters walks spot-lighted down Evil Alley.

"She'll be all right," murmurs a patrolman in a doorway, switching off his lamp. "Them sisters from the London Hospital always are."

There is a knock at a shabby door, and the little fairy of Mercy walks in out of the night.

"Thought you was . . . somebody else," gulps the man who opens it. "Fair scared, I was. She's upstairs. A little better, I think, but wantin' you bad."

That's how these nurses go about their outdoor tasks, working as calmly in the rat-houses of forgers and pickpockets as in their own wards. Acting the Stork is part of their job.

ANY child down East will tell you they bring babies with them—2,000 a year from the London Hospital alone. They hand them over to their new mothers as God's greatest gift, as often they are, although deep down in their hearts they sometimes know that it is unwanted treasure.

And not only the London Hospital. It happens all over London.

Magical things happen in awful tenements when they are there. Blankets appear, sometimes. Blankets are better than frankincense and gold on chilly nights.

And filthy rooms become spotless, clean homes for the first time—although cleaning is no part of a nurse's job.

No nurse can resist that cry of the overworked mother: "I can't get to sleep. I can't really, while I've got those dirty curtains on my mind."

A hand of magic passes over the whole room—and sleep comes.

Strange that nine people out of ten who pass a great hospital should think that all its work lies within those forbidding yet friendly walls. As a rule, four times as much healing goes on outside as within. All you see in passing is the Mother Hospital. You see nothing of the splints, boots, glasses and a hundred other aids to health and fitness distributed over the institution's area.

Nothing of the doctors and nurses who go out to teach humble people who have been "born awkward."

Nature sometimes puts little babies in the hands of despairing mothers who think they will never learn. Invalids have to depend on people who cannot knot their own ties. The "naturally awkward" get the training they want—from the nurse.

Behind a big city hospital there may be two or three convalescent homes—perhaps two after-care hospitals in verdant countryside and a seaside annexe to give patients the final kick back to health.

Convalescents recover quicker there. And it leaves the more valuable ground space in the city free for people in the earlier and more dangerous stages of illness.

DOCTORS even have to go out to attend lepers! Four have got into the London docks somehow in the last few years.

There is an ancient enactment which says: "No leper shall come within the City of London." But, sh ——! they do. There are no watchers by the City gates now to keep them out. Instead there is comfort and healing within.

There are even bright little kinema girls to be visited! Working in the darkness that lovers love, they miss essential sunshine. Their employers make an arrangement with the nearest hospital, and sunshine, as you will see above, is brought to them.

One hospital drops magic bundles—everything a baby wants, in duplicate—in the homes of new mothers.

Another is setting out to help an hitherto neglected little victim of our social system—the child who is not diseased, but is incapable of mixing with the crowd, or running with the mass. He needs special care or special food, and yet Nature has dumped him in a packed home where there can be nothing special!

A doctor and two nurses have been sent abroad to learn new ways of helping these little people.

—and even a little sunshine for the usherettes

* * *

Sixpence is a lot when you are fighting death in mean tenements. The Green-and-White Sisters can do miracles with it.

And sixpence given *now* might win you £20,000, as you will see by turning to pages 4 and 5. But you must act quickly, like the hospitals. Your opportunity will end on March 12.

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

ODDS AGAINST!

MARCH brings the Lincoln, National, and, unfortunately, the mushroom bookmaking concerns. "Win, tie or wrangle" is the motto of these shady concerns, and, as they are run by clever students of human nature, they secure plenty of business. Their bait—Long Odds—seldom fails.

Diolite and Drintyre will probably be my final selections for the first of the big "doubles," but I still have another opportunity to discuss these races.

The Hurst Park Trial 'Chase, the event won by Music Hall prior to taking the honours at Aintree, is the big affair of the week-end. I hope to see Drintyre win this in spite of his weight. Vinicole is the danger.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 3, to Wednesday, March 9:

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q
C R D H I F J U L W 9 8 9 7 9 6 9 5 9 4 9 3

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

95V9894MI would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 98M2URIV would read ALL OVER.

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

FOR MARCH 5

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
(1) EVERTON v. Aston Villa.
**(2) ARSENAL v. Leicester.
(3) PORTSMOUTH v. West Ham.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Middlesbrough.
*(5) BLACKBURN v. Chelsea.
(6) Blackpool v. Liverpool.
(7) DERBY v. Wednesday.
(8) Manchester C. v. Newcastle.
*(9) SHEFFIELD U. v. Grimsby.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Huddersfield.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. O[illegible].

SECOND DIVISION.
**(1) LEEDS v. Charlton.
(2) BRADFORD C. v. Stoke.
(3) Swansea v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(4) BARNSLEY v. Bradford.
(5) Bristol C. v. FOREST.
*(6) BURY v. Burnley.
(7) MILLWALL v. Southampton.
(8) NOTTS COUNTY v. Manchester U.
(9) OLDHAM v. Chesterfield.
(10) PLYMOUTH v. Hotspur.
(11) PORT VALE v. Preston.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
**(1) FULHAM v. Swindon.
**(2) BRENTFORD v. Torquay.
*(3) EXETER v. Bristol R.
(4) CARDIFF v. Watford.
(5) COVENTRY v. Q.P. Rangers.
(6) GILLINGHAM v. Boscombe.
(7) Luton v. Crystal Palace.
(8) NORTHAMPTON v. Mansfield.
*(9) READING v. Brighton.
(10) Southend v. Norwich.
(11) THAMES v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
*(1) GATESHEAD v. Doncaster.
**(2) LINCOLN v. Rotherham.
(3) BARROW v. York.
(4) CHESTER v. Stockport.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Carlisle.
(6) Halifax v. Crewe.
(7) HARTLEPOOLS v. Accrington.
(8) HULL v. Tranmere.
(9) New Brighton v. SOUTHPORT.
*(10) WALSALL v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Round IV.
(1) Airdrie v. PARTICK.
(2) Dunfermline v. KILMARNOCK.
(3) Rangers v. MOTHERWELL.
(4) CLYDE v. Hamilton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) DUNDEE v. Hearts.
*(2) ABERDEEN v. Queen's Park.
(3) Ayr v. CELTIC.
(4) LEITH v. Dundee U.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—2(*H*); Div. II.—1(*H*); Southern Section—2(*H*); Scottish League—2(*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Leeds, Brentford and Aberdeen.

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Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Dance Organisers, send to-day for free bargain list. —"Unsedus," Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book Designs, Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloons. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

PEACH'S 1932 CATALOGUE, 500 illustrations. Curtains, Nets, Casements, Muslins, Cretonnes, Silks, Poplins, Linens.—Write, S. Peach & Sons, Ltd., 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

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OAK KEGS with tap suitable for beer, home-made wine, etc., are offered at 8/- each. See the bargain offer of Charlton & Baker on page 3.

LIGHTNING Leather Stitcher for Homeworkers. Only 2/3, post 4d. extra, complete with 3 different needles and illus. directions. Quickly sews a perfect lockstitch in boots, bags, harness, etc.—J. Penn & Co., 142, Cottenham Road, London, N.19.

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WOKING ..... 11, The Broadway
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FOR LESS THAN 2d. A DAY you can buy Furniture, Clothing, Footwear through our Community Clubs ALL FACTORY PRICES. AGENTS WANTED. Splendid commissions. Unequalled opportunities. Send for Bargain Catalogue and details to Dept. 3, Dyson & Horsfall, Aqueduct Mills, Preston.

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ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience, "on the road," now earning their £300, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free. — The Wallace Attwood College, 26F, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7326.)

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START a profitable business with the machine that makes money. Easy payment terms. Fill in the coupon in the ADANA advt. on the Back Cover for particulars and samples of actual work produced with the aid of the 1932 "ADANA" AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING PRINTING MACHINE.

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BARGAINS GALORE!—Thousands in to-day's "Exchange and Mart." 2d. at your newsagent's. Specimen Copy free. Send a postcard now to J. B. Burt 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

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WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll, Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather. Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE WELLINGTON BLDGS., STRAND, LIVERPOOL.

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MEN'S HEAVY WHIPCORD TROUSERS. Exceptional value. 4/11 pr. 2 prs. 9/6. Carr. paid.—ALLIN, 33, King Street, Sutton-in-Ash, NOTTS.

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WASHDAY WORRIES vanish when you have a "Swiftsure" Vacuum Washer. 14 days' free trial offer is made in the advertisement on page 3.

NEEDLE THREADING made easier. Get the wonderful combined Needle Threader and Thimble and save your eyes. It costs only 6d. (See advt., Wm. Penn, page 3.)

READERS' attention is drawn to the BENSON WATCH OFFER on page 25. This wonderful timekeeper can be obtained for 5/- down, the balance by easy monthly payments. Fill in the coupon for particulars of this amazing offer. Free Catalogue, etc.

SELFRIDGE'S offer a CHROMIUM-PLATED TOURIST CYCLE on easy payments on page 27. Write for ILLUSTRATED LIST. Mention *John Bull*.

TURN to JAMES BEST'S BOY'S SUIT OFFER on page 31. A p.c. will bring a FREE CATALOGUE.

FREE.—JAY'S BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE. Fill in coupon on this page.

SEND for the HODGSON ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN SALE CATALOGUE of CARPETS offered in their advt. on page 31.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA, Wholesale. No. 1, 10 lb. 7/6, 4 lb. 3/9; No. 2, 10 lb. 11/-, 4 lb. 4/9. Samps. and Carr. Free.—SIZER, 182, Roman Road, BOW, E.3.

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BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*

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Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

TEA.—Buy British. Wholesale. Delicious specially blended Indian and Ceylon Tea only. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/8, 3/1, 6/-, 7/-. Carr. paid. Special prices large quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA.—WHOLESALE. EMPIRE BLENDS. 4 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 5/4, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 6/8. Carriage Paid. Special Prices Large Quantities.—City & Provincial Tea Company, 14, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approbation (bal. cash or terms).— Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harr's Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

CUT LENGTHS, Dress and Coating Fabrics at Wsale prices. Wonderful range newest designs. Patterns Free.—A. Bentley, Woollen Merchant, Whitkirk, Leeds.

MUSICAL.

ORAMOS, Radio-Grams, 1932. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, sets. 64-p. illus. drawings 3d.—Regentbuil, 120, O.d St., Ldn., E.C.1.

WIRELESS.

FREE WIRELESS CATALOGUE.—Send TO-DAY for our new 100-page Wireless Catalogue (postage 3d. stamps).—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 40, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

DO NOT OVERLOOK THE "ZONOPHONE" OFFER ON PAGE 29.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Rilyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by test monials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free. — Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (482a), 83, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

CASTELLAN PILE CURE TABLETS are a real and genuine remedy. 1/3, 2/3. Pile Ointment, 1/3, 3/-. Soothing and healing. A month's continuous use of these well-tried prescriptions will convince. — For particulars, McGUFFIE'S, Chemists, 19, Castle Street, LIVERPOOL.

INFLUENZA.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief and prevents lung complications. Write for Free Booklet No. 48K to ALLEN & HANBURYS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.3.

RUPTURE TREATMENT FREE ON TRIAL. New Scientific Treatment gives instant relief where other methods have failed. Stops Truss Torture. No springs or hard pads. Are no barrier. No need for restraint. Call or write for Booklet and full particulars of FREE TRIAL OFFER.—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. D.H.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Plymouth Branch: 4, Athenæum Arcade.

HERBS for every complaint. Marvellous cures. Trial pkt. 7½d., large supply 1/6. State ailment.—"Healthouse," 131, Thornton Road, Morecambe.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.33), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "ROBOLEINE." Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 34.

ACCEPT this FREE OFFER. Fill in the coupon in the BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER advt. on page 33, and obtain a free 9d. tin to prove what a wonderful remedy it is for INDIGESTION.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

CASH PAID for Postage Stamps (small lots or large collections). Send offers with lowest prices or call personally 12-2 o'clock (exc. Sat.).—A. & S. REINGAND, 95, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOW ON SALE—Grand Spring No. of "HEALTH AND STRENGTH"! Two page colour plates; coloured cover; a wonder issue! 6d. all newsagents, 7d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
YOU can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

"CROSS-WORD FIVES." The most absorbing and fascinating game of the hour. Price 6d., post free.—R. PARSEY, 26, Brook Street, BRADFORD.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.M.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ALE OR STOUT Easily made at home. Enormous saving. The simple directions are offered in the advertisement of Messrs. Charlton & Baker (see page 3).

FREE.—763 prizes offered for completing the "DIPLOMA" LIMERICK on page 27. First prize, £50 cash. Enter this simple competition now. Read conditions carefully. Note closing date —Friday, March 18, 1932.

THE simple method of soaking dentures in a solution of MILTON and cold water brings new mouth comfort. Further information regarding this wonderful product appears on page 35.

THE proprietors of KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM announce a new LIQUID KOLYNOS for clearing the nasal passages to kill all germs. See page 35.

SOMETHING NEW! FIELD'S LAVENDER BRILLIANTINE (Solidified) at 3d. per large tin. Quality and purity guaranteed by this 300-year-old firm. See advt. on page 31.

FREE BOOKLETS are offered by the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO. on page 31. Ambitious readers should send for them now.

If you get Pain after Eating

IF digestive pain, flatulence and discomfort follow every meal, it is most probably due to excess stomach acid. Doctors say this is the cause of most indigestion. Excess acid ferments food, attacks the stomach lining and creates gases which cause pain and "fullness." These discomforts can be quickly banished and you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress if you take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This neutralises the excess acid and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder — 1/3 — Tablets

DOCTOR SAYS DRINK HOT WATER TO LOSE FAT

A well-known doctor recently wrote at great length on "slimming," and in the course of his report said:—"The morning cup of tea in bed has no disadvantages so long as it contains no sugar, and milk is used instead of cream; but *a tumblerful of pure water is far preferable*, and is even better for health when sipped *as hot as can be borne*. Stout people should use this healthy beverage night and morning." The reason for this is that unless the system rids itself each day of the indigestible waste matter which accumulates, the blood becomes polluted, the tissues congested and excess fatness results. To make absolutely sure of washing away this congesting waste matter you should drink every morning before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate in it. This will prove an unfailing means of flushing away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels all indigestible material, fermentations, sour bile and toxins, thus purifying the blood and overcoming the most common cause of fatness. A quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate is obtainable for two shillings from any chemist, and will prove to those who desire a slim figure that here is something which will really help them.

READERS LISTEN-IN AGAIN to— Broadcasts we did like

LAST year I heard Sir Harry Lauder broadcasting many of the songs which have made him beloved the world over.

He finished by singing "Keep Right On to the End of the Road." He rendered it beautifully, and with such intensity of feeling that it has lingered in my memory ever since.

I am now an invalid, and though doctors' reports are dismal, I cherish the memory of Sir Harry's wonderful song. For the sake of my husband and my two dear babies, I shall "Keep Right On . . ."—*Invalid, Northumberland.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 8.

When I said, "Thank God"—and meant it

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD reader, I give my vote to that wonderful message broadcast to the youth of Britain by the Prince of Wales.

It was a clear-cut speech, full of enthusiasm, and must have gone home to all possessing the spirit of youth, irrespective of their years.

Not the wild dreams of a visionary, impossible of realisation, but a clarion call to arms in the common interest of our nation.

That call, from a leader whose magnetism calls forth the best energies from all, must have far-reaching and beneficial results to our country.—*Youth, Hull.*

Against Odds

When my boy played "Humoresque" on his violin I was lying in hospital, and to me it was at once a reproach and a blessing. For years I had done all I knew to discourage my son's violin-playing.

Against my blind opposition he carried on, became moderately famous, and for two years his fees saved us from want.

As I listened to his first broadcast, I was both proud and humble.—*Capt. B., Surrey.*

Cheered Up

The short mid-week service conducted by the Rev. W. H. Elliott.

We who are among the unemployed often get depressed and downhearted; but his splendid message gives hope and comfort and courage to keep a smile until better times come along.—*F. H., Binchester.*

Called Back

I was lying in a sanatorium wishing I could die, when, during the Sunday night's service, I heard the congregation singing:

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

It brought back the thoughts of my six little ones at home needing me. I started from that night to mend, and I am still picking up health and strength to look after them.—*Grateful, Ashford.*

SOS

I was on holiday in South Devon and returned to the boarding-house one night just in time to hear the news bulletin.

Imagine my feelings when an SOS asked me to return home immediately. I went at once, and found my mother seriously ill.

The family had lost the letter giving my address, and resorted to the wireless to get into touch with me.

As my nursing did much to pull my mother through her illness, I consider that SOS was the best broadcast I ever heard. — *G. Smith, Bristol.*

So Friendly

Reading in a newspaper that one of my favourite authors, the late Mr. Edgar Wallace, was to broadcast a talk on crime, I resolved to listen in. Nor was I disappointed.

His books always interest me, but I shall never forget his talk, rendered in an intimate and friendly style, which instantly made me a devoted admirer. — *M. L., Eccles.*

Inspired

I shall never forget Gracie Fields singing "Sally" on Christmas Day, for on that evening she seemed to surpass herself.

Not until I saw the amount of the fee and for what purpose she wanted it did I realise why she sang so well. It was for her orphanage home.

Gracie has a rare gift, and it must be delightful for her to think she can make the little inmates so happy.—*E. C. Madren, Essex.*

Fan's Thrills

The Football Association Cup Final, 1931, because of its glorious thrills for a Birmingham girl.

That afternoon our sitting-room was filled with my brothers and sisters, with their friends, staunch supporters of either team and bitter rivals for the time being.

When the broadcast began, how we all joined in the community singing, and when later we heard Mr. Allison giving us the story of the play, we thrilled as we followed our favourites to the end of that exciting game.—*N. Holden, Birmingham.*

Remembrance

On November 11, at 11 a.m., as I listen to the broadcast of the Armistice Service, my thoughts are of the great sacrifices made by men of all nations who were engaged in the Great War.

As I pay homage to their memories I vow that I shall always work for peace. That service teaches me the futility of war, its horrors, its sufferings, and its wastes.—*F. H. Woodlock, Scotland.*

Mayor's Guests

The Lord Mayor of London's speech, during his treat for the poor crippled children of London. He sent out a wonderful and striking message to the unfortunate mites, and must have impressed many listeners.

Trying to visualise the children's happy faces whilst singing "Daisy Bell," "Pack Up Your Troubles," etc., one wondered if they forgot their own troubles for a time.

Long may it continue to be an annual event. Maybe it is the only bit of Christmas some of them see.—*Parent, Barnsley.*

Eighty Years Young

A song recital given by Sir George Henschel on his eightieth birthday. He had devoted the past seventy years to music, his activities ranging from choirboy to conductor, and his love of music was evident in his performance.

The recital was remarkable for the air of freshness and charm which pervaded it, allied with a truly astonishing purity of tone.

Coming at the end of a lifetime of service in the cause of music, it gave me the keenest pleasure.—*H. S., Herts.*

* * *

The most thrilling words I have ever heard broadcast were, "Hello—o—o! Twins!" preceded by the names of my own two darling babies.—*S. T., Bow.*

The best broadcast item I ever heard was that we were to have some good weather. I was going on my holidays the next day.—*E. R., Cheshire.*

My greatest delight is the programme given by the "Old Stars of Variety." Everyone must have enjoyed the old-time songs, bringing back happy memories.—*G. G., Notts.*

Nothing can be more impressive than the grandeur of the Two Minutes' Silence. *T. G., Cornwall.*

"Dick" Shepherd's broadcast memorial service to "Woodbine Willie." His genuine regret at the passing of a friend made the service truly beautiful.—*B. E., Cambs.*

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"Mr. —— referred to the TEA spirit in the Crewe eleven.

NORTH WILTS HERALD:—"Mr. and Misses —— wish to THANK neighbours and friends for their sad bereavement.

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—"He admitted threatening to do away with himself, as ANY RESPECTABLE MAN would."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"There is no more pathetic SIGHT in the world than to HEAR the cries of a hungry child."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"They always give us a month's GRAVE."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"With a lump in his understanding EYES and tears in his THROAT, Eric stole quietly away."

EVENING WORLD (Bristol):—"Before the arrival of the brigade the fire had been extinguished by means of a PART OF A FIREMAN."

WEST LANCASHIRE GAZETTE:—"It is possible to HEAR a silent film once a week in Blackpool."

TONBRIDGE FREE PRESS:—"Mme. Wallis A. Wallis—Voice production, SLUMMING exercises."

SHORT STORIES MAGAZINE:—"He was aware of a soft, happy sobbing in HER ear."

THE WELSHMAN:—"Music was DISCOURAGED by the Metronomes Dance Band"

Torture!

Has RHEUMATISM Got you in its GRIP?

Once let RHEUMATISM get you in its grip and it will give you no peace from pain day or night. Within 24 to 48 hours URILLAC TABLETS will literally purge the system of the crystallised or chalky deposits in the swollen and sore joints and muscles, purify and clear the blood of the malignant influence of uric acid and give healthy vitality to hitherto sluggish circulation.

for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA etc.

URILLAC TABLETS

1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

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Heppells 34 Osnaburgh Street, LONDON, N.W.1 *and Branches.*

Fill in the Coupon on page 29 for descriptive leaflet of the Zonophone Band-Pass "Big 3" Constructor's Kit-Set, complete with loud speaker and valves, obtainable on easy terms at the rate of 2/6 a week!

The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

for 10/- down

BRINGS THIS POWERFUL BRITISH MADE 3-VALVE WIRELESS SET

Entirely complete and ready to switch on, and including a superb Loud Speaker, OSRAM Valves and EXIDE Accumulator and Batteries, all self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Absolutely trouble free. Every set guaranteed. Foreign Stations received at Loud Speaker strength. CASH PRICE £5-7-6 (no extras).

SEND 10/- DEPOSIT OR WRITE FOR BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3LH), 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD.

THE ALADDIN'S LAMP OF TONICS.

Here is a Tonic which makes a new man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living. It picks you up after the 'Flu or illness. It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"**Fox Nuts**" (**the "Blue Lion" kind**)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic (No. 632) and be normal in a few days. Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 51), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C. 4, and Branches.

Leading Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, &c., either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

PAINFUL CORNS came out by the roots.

Kirkcaldy.

"I have been troubled with two very bad corns. I have tried every kind of corn cure but they are no use. After using a packet of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' I was able to pick the corns out by the roots."—A N.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials bear witness to the wonderful effects of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' on Corns, Callouses, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Gouty swellings, Muscular Sprains, Stiffness, etc.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 1/6 a half-pound packet. Of all Chemists.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. Berry, 58, Mayfield Grove, Meadows, Nottingham, writes: "For years I suffered from Gastric Ulcers. Six years ago I went into hospital for operation, and had two blood transfusions. The day I came home I was racked with pain. I was recommended to try Vitadatio, and you can imagine how grateful I feel, as I am not like the same woman, and can eat things I have not touched for seven years."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply. for Export only, post free from *VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.* U168

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

FEVERISH COLDS 'FLU & RHEUMATISM ARE ABOUT AGAIN

YOU CAN BANISH THEM WITH 'ASPRO' TO-DAY

Feverish colds—mild 'flu—sciatica and neuralgia attacks—rheumatism—sore throats—colds in the head—wheezing and sneezing are all about again. Prompt, quick, safe and efficient measures must be used to stamp them out before more serious developments take place. The best thing YOU can do to banish these complaints—to stop their development—is to take 'ASPRO' right away now. Then you will know what a quick action medicine 'ASPRO' is. You will be free immediately from coughing—sneezing—feverishness—weakness—the "gone at the knees" feeling—and aches and pains. If the feverish cold or 'flu attack is severe three 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will speed things up—(some prefer whisky instead of the hot lemon drink and get equally good results).

READ THIS → **IT HAS BEEN PROVED BY THOUSANDS THAT RESORTING TO ANY OTHER MEANS THAN 'ASPRO' FOR THE BANISHING OF COLDS, 'FLU AND RHEUMATISM IS TIME AND MONEY WASTED SO TRY 'ASPRO' NOW AND SAVE FURTHER BOTHER.**

Feverish Colds Stopped Mrs. A. Taylor writes from Leicester to say that two 'ASPRO' tablets banished her husband's feverish cold. He now says what a wonderful remedy 'ASPRO' is.

Headache and 'Flu T. Charleson, of Sale, writes "Have always found 'ASPRO' a speedy remedy for headaches; also good for 'flu."

Rheumatic Relief Mr. E. J. Shalcross, of Tottenham, says that his wife almost lost the use of her hands through severe rheumatism. Other remedies were useless but after taking 'ASPRO' she is now wonderfully well.

NURSE USES 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS

Dear Sir, Barnsley.
I find 'ASPRO' tablets wonderful. When I have a cold it is the first thing I go for.
Thanking you.—Yours faithfully,
NURSE M.

Thanks from Canada F. Proctor, of Moutreal, thanks us for 'ASPRO' and says it was successful for wife's neuritis.

'ASPRO' IS ALL-BRITISH

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE & EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza—and cold attacks is, first, because it is an Antipyretic or Fever Destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

3D. 6D. 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET.

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

COMFORT THAT'S LASTING VALUE THAT'S UNRIVALLED

LOOSE COVERS from 15/-

Though its cost is so low, the Berkeley Home Model offers you the advantages of a really expensive Easy Chair—comfort, good appearance and durability. Cosy and friendly, thoroughly well built, it is a full-size Easy Chair and will give you many years of faithful constant service. It is the huge output, plus direct selling from our factories to the public which enables us to offer such amazing VALUE. The sturdy frame is of best Birch, fitted with strong castors; upholstered throughout with long coppered-steel springs in seat and covered with beautiful, hard-wearing materials. *Send coupon now for Catalogue of all Models and FREE patterns from which to choose your coverings.*

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PRICE **37/6** or 5/- with order and balance 5/- monthly (*No reduction for Cash*)

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COUPON Please send me, POST FREE, your illustrated Catalogue of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—
1. Upholstery Coverings. 2. Loose Covers.
(*Cross out Patterns NOT required.*)

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull.

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY C. S. TURNER, FORMERLY OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and in fact most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulations of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and from the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive, standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—C. S. T.

Typical specimen of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt.

ANOTHER HUGE LIFE-PENSION *for John Bull's X-Word*

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

£50 for RUNNERS-UP
INTERESTING CLUES
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED
EASY TO ENTER

ANOTHER opportunity to win a Life Pension of £3 a week or £1,250 cash is here in "John Bull's" fascinating X-word Contest. An additional £50 awaits the Runners-up. Spend half-an-hour on this absorbing Puzzle by your fireside this evening. Consider the clues carefully, fill up the little squares, and your reward may be an Income for Life or a huge cheque from "John Bull." Your entry must be in by noon, Thursday, March 10th.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 17, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 24th.

(*Should First Prize be shared £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension*).

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, March 10th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, March 24th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, April 5th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

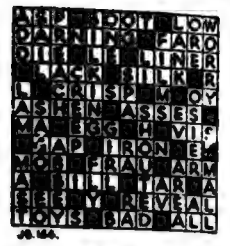
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

Winners in X-Word No. 153 appear on page 44.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 154



J.B. 154.

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 154 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 156

JB·156 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·156

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thurs., March 10, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

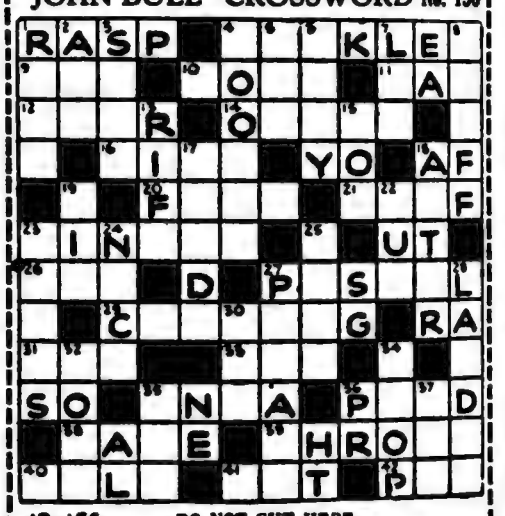
1. Coarse file.
4. You get these from fowls.
9. Sick.
10. Make dirty.
11. Chew and swallow.
12. Close to.
14. Make a speech.
16. She looks well in this.
20. Put in pig's trough.
21. Slang for a dandy.
23. Coined.
26. Large monkey.
27. Soft, coloured crayon.
29. Part of clerk's work.
31. Largest deer.
33. Noah sailed in this.
35. Indian coin.
36. Poke.
38. Attracts the woman shopper
39. The King sits upon this.
40. You get this at Dartmoor.
41. Lay.
42. By means of.

CLUES DOWN.

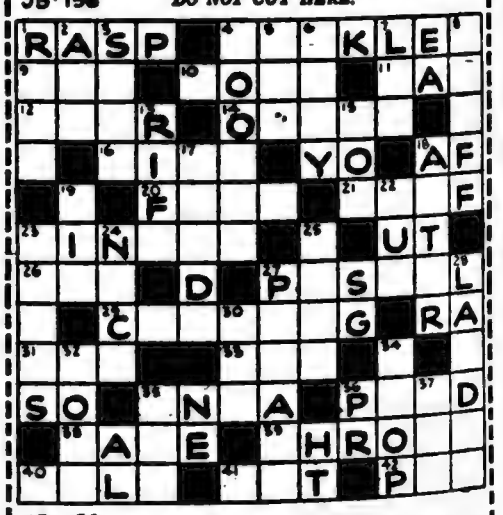
1. Cause of many falls.
2. Beer.
3. Hand may give you this.
4. Fish are, when caught.
5. Atmosphere.
6. Sticky earth.
7. Sheltered side of a ship.
8. If this is good, business pays.
13. A fissure.
15. Small drink of rum.
17. Wants.
18. Opposite of "before."
19. Punter often gets this.
22. Not in.
23. Groom attends to these.
24. Connects head with body.
25. Row.
27. Buccaneer.
28. Is irresistible to Tommy.
30. Sunshine gives it to your skin.
32. Midday.
34. It affects market prices.
35. Everything.
37. First number.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 156



JB·156 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·156

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 156), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

THE Editor Laughs LAST

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped envelope with your query.

G. M. (Exeter).—"Do you often go to the Boat Race?" No, only once a year.

GEORGE (Coatbridge). — "I have mannny originall idears." Especially in spelling.

T. M. (Ayr).—"I feel as fresh as a two-year-old." Horse or egg?

P. V. (Croydon).—"Where are the prettiest girls in Britain to be found?" In front of a looking-glass.

D. L. (Poplar).—"How much does it cost to clear the litter in our parks?" A tidy penny

D. M. (Bury).—"I am glad to see 'Adamson' on this page." He says he cannot return the compliment.

T. P. (York).—"This is the fourth letter I have written to-day." Our thoughts are with the other three victims.

F. M (Wivenhoe).—"My brain is always more active in the morning." Then you should not have sat up so late writing this letter.

D. M. (Inverkeithing).—"Would it be very difficult to live without income?" No more difficult than it is to live within it.

M. T. (Bradford).—"Can you settle a bet as to which is the best way to stop a runaway horse?" Yes. Put ten bob on it each way.

"HISTORICAL" (Cupar).—"Is it the case that windows in houses several hundred years ago were just mere slits?" Yes; people had a narrow outlook in those days.

AMATEUR (North Berwick).—"When is the right time to dig over the garden?" According to every wife, when her husband is settling down for a nice, lazy afternoon.

BUSINESS MAN (London, E.C.).—"After a long week-end by the sea, doesn't everything seem smaller on returning to town?" Yes; especially one's bank balance.

JAMES (Portobello).—"I have decided not to marry until I meet my exact opposite. Do you think I shall have long to wait?" Oh, no; there are thousands of intelligent girls in the country.

E. Y. (Grimsby).—"Isn't it strange for a man to run an amusement park and a poultry farm at the same time?" We suppose he has made up his mind to make a living by fair means or fowl.

J. H. (Glasgow).—"He refused to lend me £10, although he had known me for several years. Why do you think he adopted that attitude?" Because he had known you for several years.

MRS. E. (Barrow).—"A man who has seen double ever since an operation is suing the surgeon for £1,000 damages." A cheque for £500 ought to settle the claim.

M. D. (Manchester).—"After suffering from sleeping sickness for five years, a Chicago man woke up, looked round, and went to sleep again." We don't blame him.

E. D. (Rugby).—"Are you aware that the biggest Hollywood studios are small towns in themselves?" How convenient it must be for the performers to have a register office and a divorce court so close together

G. N. (Bodmin).—"I have a penetrating mind." You certainly are a bore.

V. N. (Leeds).—"What does W. P. B. stand for?" To receive your letters.

G. B. (Ramsgate).—"What is the final aim of modern woman?" Inaccurate.

R. W. (York).—"I want a cushy job." What about becoming valet to Gandhi?

P. B. (Swansea).—"Where is the spirit of modern youth?" In petrol tins.

P. N. (Croydon).—"Air travel is not safe." Well, why should it be an exception?

R. L. (Catford).—"The best of wives make mistakes sometimes." And their husbands have to eat them.

J. Y. (Glasgow).—"The members are boggling over colours for our new skating club. What would you suggest?" Black and blue.

NON-SWIMMER (Hull).—"As I sank into the water all I was conscious of was blackness, with lurid spots." Your past?

F. C. (Streatham).—"Doctors are endeavouring to find out the effects of sweets on children." An acid-drop test.

M. W. (Penge).—"I get rather upset when paying my wife's big bills." Naturally, you are then losing your balance.

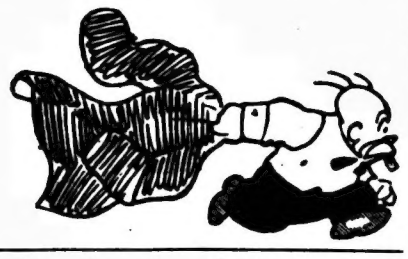
M. A. L. (Ilford).—"I was recently shown a dog which is the nearest thing to a goat I have ever seen!" All butt?

K. W. (York).—"Future generations will learn how to live on air." Why future?

C. A. (Fulham).—"Whenever my husband and I quarrel, the children are sent outside." Does the open-air life suit them?

F. R. (Edinburgh).—"Does the average man feel nervous when he proposes to a girl?" No more nervous than the girl feels until he does.

S. M. (Southampton).—"I was arrested when the income-tax office was destroyed by fire." For arson, or for impeding the firemen?



ADAMSON . . .

A. F. (Bournemouth). — "American millionaires refuse to stay at our most expensive hotels." Which explains why they're still millionaires.

K. S. (Chorley).—"What does any decent young person want with a latch-key?" A noiseless lock.

A. C. (Hinton).—"I don't consider myself a brilliant actor." You don't sound like an actor at all.

M. G. (Perth).—"Are black cats really lucky?" Well, they are not so likely to get hit on a dark night.

G. M. (Hull).—"Farmers won't have much to grumble about this year." That's enough to make them grumble.

N. P. (Nuneaton).—"I may have other failings, but I always keep my promise." Then promise never to write to us again.

H. P. (Atherstone).—"In my opinion spring cleaning is a disease." And it seems to affect a tidy few.

S. L. (Chelsea).—"I am learning to write fiction." Great Scott! Have you never made out an income-tax return before?

Curious (Reading). — "What makes the world go round?" Sometimes a strong cigar.

. . . The Spoils of Discretion

W. B. (Leicester).—"After my daughter had played the piano it was suggested that she should continue her studies in Berlin." Was it as bad as all that?

C. T. (Bodmin).—"Is there anything that is not dearer than before the war?" Yes, unnecessarily pulling the communication cord in a railway carriage.

G. Y. (Portsmouth).—"How is it that some people do no work and make quite a large income from bridge?" It's their calling.

F. P. (Wanstead).—"Do novelists eat strange foods?" Maybe, but we guarantee they are not as strange as many of the things they ask their readers to swallow.

S. T. V. (Penge).—"My doctor tells me my cerebellum does not function adequately. Can you clarify this?" We can only verify it.

G. C. (Brighton).—"Is it true, as a scientist says, that human intelligence is 450,000 years old?" If so, what a lot of progress it hasn't made.

H. P. (Scarborough).—"Are there any good features in the Chinese-Japanese war?" Well, no one has written a war novel about it yet.

G. M. C. (Putney).—"I paid up my income-tax, but there was a lump in my throat." A nice swelling in your bank account will soon put that right. Sail in with a good *Bullet* and walk off with that £1,250 on page 43.

M. S. (Oundle).—"Russian scientists are filtering filthy water to save soap." Many small boys could show them a much easier way than that.

RATEPAYER (Kensington).—"Our councils never seem to be in a hurry." Don't they? You ought to see them tearing up our street.

H. P. (Wivenhoe).—"I cannot see what there is to stop me from coming to interview you." We enclose our commissionaire's photograph so that you can.

H. R. (Leamington).—"Do you think it would be honest of us parents to help our children with their home lessons, such as arithmetic?" We are sure it would not be right.

B. S. (Rochester).—"I know a village in which there is neither water, gas nor electricity." All the same, the authorities are sure to find some excuse for digging up the streets.

T. C. (Holborn).—"I came from New Zealand to find a pretty, loving girl for wife, a sympathetic partner, and a good housekeeper." You'll be run in for bigamy if you marry the lot.

D. F. (Reading).—"Is it the case that coloured umbrellas are becoming popular in London?" Well, one caught our eye as we stood in the 'bus queue the other evening.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

End that Backache!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

KEEP ACTIVE AND WELL! Don't endure backache, dizzy attacks, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, urinary disorders, bladder weakness and other kidney complaints. Get right to the cause of the trouble — the weakened kidneys. Strengthen them by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills, the special kidney tonic, and you will be amazed how quickly you will feel yourself again.

"I never expected to recover"

On 17th January, 1912, Mr. W. Croft, 15, College Avenue, College Street, Leicester, said:—"My kidney troubles kept me to bed for eighteen weeks. I had terrible pains right across the small of my back. Other disorders caused me agony and the urinary excretions were full of sediment. I wasted away and was so weak I could not even wash myself.

"I never expected to recover, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills put me right on my feet again. In a few months I was fighting with my regiment in South Africa."

On 20th August, 1931, Mr. Croft said:—"I am always ready to do my friends a good turn by recommending Doans Pills. They have been a blessing to me.

(*Signed*) W. CROFT."

Sold by all Dealers 3/- also at 1/3,5/-

Do as Mr. Croft did. Insist upon DOANS. Of all dealers.

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM NEURALGIA?

Neuralgia comes because your nerves are worn out. Work and worry these days mean a terrible strain on the nerves. So doctors everywhere are advising people to use something you've heard of for fifty years, that famous tonic wine, Wincarnis.

Wincarnis is the best builder up and restorer of jaded, worn-out nerves there is. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, added to the vitamins and strength-giving properties of beef and malt extracts.

A glass in the morning, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed and you will find you sleep better than you have for years. You'll wake in the morning refreshed and reinvigorated. In a day or two you'll have forgotten your nerves and neuralgia altogether. Actually, over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors who have proved its value.

Don't go on suffering any longer. Try Wincarnis to-day. You'll find it delicious, and with your very first glass you will realise that here is the end of your troubles.

Good-bye to Rashes

Mrs. H. Whellams, 54, Hartington Road, Walthamstow, London, E., *writes:* "My little daughter developed a very bad irritating rash, which gradually became worse, and we were kept awake at night by the child's terrible agony. We tried Institutions, Doctors and Patent Medicines, but instead of getting better she got worse. Then a wonderful thing happened: we were recommended to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, and after taking two bottles the 'turn of the tide' had come, and the rash and irritation disappeared."

THE SAFE REMEDY

Diseases arising from impurities in the blood must be treated by expelling the impurities from the blood—that is why Clarke's Blood Mixture is so successful.

Famous for Blood & Skin Complaints Rheumatic Complaints, Rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, Ulcers, Sores.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Now obtainable in TABLET form as well. Convenient and equally reliable as the liquid Clarke's Blood Mixture.

Of all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

But now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "Alex. C. Maclean"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd.
(Dept. 16.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

LIGHTNING!

Is your Wireless protected?

The following letter, received from a Swansea reader whose wireless was struck by lightning, contains some excellent advice:

"JOHN BULL'S cheque will assist me to get a new Wireless Set to cheer my daughter in her long illness. She has been ill for three years and the Wireless was her best friend. After what JOHN BULL has done for me, I would advise every wireless enthusiast to become a registered reader. Had it not been for this cheque, I would have been a long time in making up my loss."

In addition to covering the home in a way that is absolutely unparalleled, JOHN BULL also pays up to £10 should lightning damage a registered reader's wireless apparatus (including aerials and supports). Sign now.

What "John Bull" Gives.

The contents of your home will be covered against FIRE (up to £1,000).
Other Benefits include:—
Burglary..... (up to £200)
Storm, Flood ... (up to £200)
Home Accidents (up to £200)
Sickness ....(up to £10 10 0)
Sports Accidents (up to £500)
Wireless Benefit (damage by Lightning) up to..... £10
Children's Benefits £3
These and other benefits are subject to

10% Bonus
in the case of readers registered for 3 months and over.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 5/3/32.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 5/3/32.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
Breaking all Records
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
CASH THE COUPONS

CROUP

Those croupy coughs which so often frighten parents in the dead of night can be checked in 15 minutes without internal medicine.

Rub the child's throat and chest vigorously with Vick brand Vapour-Rub, spread on thickly, and cover with warm flannel.

If a child is subject to these night-attacks of coughing, try this simple treatment at bedtime and make sure of a good night's sleep. Being external, it is safe even for the youngest child.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Checks colds without "dosing"

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

ROLL UP!

Buy a packet of ZIG-ZAGS and some of your favourite tobacco *now*; and roll up a *fresh* cigarette whenever you want it. Make sure you ask for ZIG-ZAG in the original automatic packing.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

£125 WON IN "JOHN BULL'S" RADIO CONTEST No. 7

No coupon received in this contest contained the key numbers of all six Records in the order decided by the Expert Committee, i.e.:—

8 6 9 2 5 3

The competitors whose selections proceeded furthest down this list in agreement with the Experts' order placed the first three Records correctly. Accordingly the cheque for £100 will be divided between the following seven competitors:—

W. A. T. Allen, 33, Caversham Rd., Reading. A. C. Beetes, Thatch Holme, Hurst, Reading. F. G. Bridgeman, Meadway Haynes Park, S.W.20. W. Gosse, Warmwell, Dorset. Mrs. E. Keeble, 42, Osborne Road, Prestypool. T. Threlfall, 35, Meadow St., Dingle, Liverpool 8. H. J. Turner, Brora Farm, Chalmleigh, Devon.

The Award of £25 for Runners-up will be shared by 92 competitors with the first two records correctly placed. Their names appear on a list which may be inspected at the "John Bull" offices. Prizes will be despatched on March 9th.

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST No. 8.

Below are given the key numbers of the six Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the Committee of Experts, from the ten played on "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 8 broadcast on February 21st.

3 8 7 5 2 9

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull."

INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS

Breathe medicinally treated air while you sleep. This is the simple, time tried Vapo-Cresolene method of treating influenza, bronchitis, bronchial asthma and catarrh. Cough difficult breathing and soreness are more quickly relieved than when medicine is taken *A remedy of fifty years' standing.*

Vapo-Cresolene

disinfects the room and prevents the spread of infection.

Send for Booklet No. 238. ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard Street, LONDON E.C.3

£1,250
£100 BONUS
to be shared between winners of £2 10s. and over in this contest who have registered for our free "BULLETIN" on Saturday, March 12
Qualify on Coupon below!
GIANT ONE-WEEK PRIZE
FOR A BULLET —— AND NOVEL BONUSES!
50 BULLETS' 1 YEAR SEASON TICKETS
These unique awards, to be added to prizes of £1 and over this week, entitle winners to enter four free "Bullets" weekly for twelve months.
Other Prizes £100 · £25
SECOND THIRD
10 of £5 12 of £2 10
25 of £1 500 of 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGETS'

HUGE FIRST AND "SEASONS" —ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

WHEN you remember that *Bullets* usual First Prize for a one-week contest is £300, you will fully realise what a staggering opportunity is this week's offer of £1,250.

As well as hundreds of other cash prizes offered for a few days only, notice the new *Bullets* "Season Tickets" which will accompany the fifty chief cheques to be won this week. These unique awards entitle each holder to enter four free *Bullets* weekly for a whole year.

Remember that if you are a registered reader of *Bullets Bulletin* by March 12, the offer above of a £100 Bonus may add enormously to your prize-money. Make sure of your entry—and register also on coupon below.

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet*, all you have to do is to compress any rough idea which may occur to you into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which form an apt comment and link up neatly with the *Example* chosen. For instance, suppose you selected the *Example* SWEEPING, the added words CHANGES "NEW BROOM" MAKES would complete a *Bullet*.

Study the winners below and see how others have captured big cash prizes. Then get busy on shaping your own notions with the same touch of originality and be sure that your entry is in by Saturday, March 12.

FIRST PRIZE-WINNER IN BULLETS No. 837

FIVE £1,000 PAYMENTS ON FIVE-YEAR PLAN—OR £3,500 CASH.

Mr. T. CROSS, 14, Mead Walk, Anlaby Park, Hull.
Example:—SAVED FROM THE WRECK
Bullet:—THANKS "CARPENTER" FOR RAFT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. W. J. MORRALL, "Rosemont," Grinstead Lane, Lancing, Sussex.
Example:—Shock For The Chancellor
Bullet:—"Quarry" Takes To "Water."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. E. BAKER, 401, Upper Elmers End Road, Beckenham.
Example:—Wakens Memories
Bullet:—"Tipperary"—Produces Dreams, Dublin.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. BUTTERFIELD, 2, Stream Cottages, Horeham Road, E. Sussex.
Mighty Power—Cot—Their Little "Geneva."

J. BLUNDELL, 15, Maes Gruffydd, Mold.
Man Of The Future—"Your *Planet* Needs You!"

A. DAVIS, 130, Lincoln Road, Enfield.
For India—Britain Stemming "Turbulent Waters."

H. W. JOHNSTONE, High Street, Great Glen, Leicester.
Woman's Way—Better Unexplored, I've Discovered.

T. PRATTEN, Short Hill Cottage, Harefield Road, Uxbridge.
For India—Britannia's "Knee"—Position Uncertain!

W. J. RYMAN, c/o Mrs. Griffin, River View, Clifton Hamden.
Torch Of Progress—Scarring Countryside—Burning Shame!

F. SPENCER, 63, Norreys Avenue, Oxford.
Humanity's Task—Pass On "Peace On—."

A. WATSON, 18, Ineridge Grove, Hunslet.
Worth Studying—Friends—Not With Microscope.

Mrs. F. WHITEHEAD, 17, Parker Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Society Queen—My "Princess" Doesn't Envy.

W. WILMOT, 37, Inglish Road, Southsea.
Humanity's Task—Lifting "Clay" From "Mire."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. BAILEY, 49, Belluton Road, Bristol.
Woman's Way—Pedestrian Appreciates—In Hospital!

J. CHAPMAN, 4, Rose Cottages, Haverhill, Suffolk.
Fires of Unrest—"Shavings" Of Wages Started.

A. W. FARLEIGH, 43, Mansfield Street, London, E.
Saved From The Wreck—Solly—Now Owns Island!

F. H. GROUNDS, 19, Woodberry Way, Chingford.
Triumphal March—Home—Dad's "Captured Position."

A. JENKINS, 107, White Hart Lane, Barnes, London, S.W.
Mighty Power—Produces Avalanche—And Snowdrop.

D. SPRINGER, 1, School Lane, Allbrook, Eastleigh, Hants.
Nature's Secret—Under Microscope, Enlarges *Mystery*.

F. STEPHENS, 3, Lavender Street, Manchester.
Torch Of Progress—Barber Discussing—Forgot Taper!

M. WHITMORE, Brynafon, St. Asaph.
Worth Studying—Can Killing Kill Killing?

A. WOOD, 8, Richmond Terrace, Aberdeen.
Saved From The Wreck—Caught Hold Of—*Himself*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. A. YOUDE, Waverton, Chester.
Our Ministers—Remain—Differences "Come Out."

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 1,000 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & /Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 841.

WHEN BRITAIN'S UNITED	RECOVERING	CHEERING MESSAGE
COMING THROUGH	FATHER'S GARDENING, SO	LUCKY FIND
MAN WHO CAN'T PAY	FIERY FELLOW	POINTED
CHANCELLOR'S DUTY	WANTS EVERYTHING	AS SOON AS I'M IN
KEEPS US BUSY	THE BUTCHER	MADE HER HEART SINK
STRONG CABINET	GUNNINGLY	IMPUDENCE
MUST GO	NASTY REMINDER	VOICE OF AUTHORITY
SWEEPING	TREADING WARILY	RICH UNCLE
HARD TO ESCAPE	A WHISPER	ACTORS
TRADE FIGURES	THEY WERE POOR, BUT	OUT IN THE WORLD
RIGHT REMEDY	HER DAUGHTER	

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(841) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Mar. 12
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(841) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Mar. 12
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(841) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Mar. 12
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(841) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Mar. 12
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s
Signed_____
Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 841, "John Bull." Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 841 usually purchase "John Bull."

£100 BONUS COUPON

USE THIS TO SECURE FREE "BULLETS BULLETINS."

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

LONG ACRE CALLING! BIG WIRELESS OFFER NEXT WEEK

SPARE-TIME £££'s
For Enterprising Men!

Start a Profitable Business with
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

Mr. D. A. Adana, the Inventor.

Supply the Big **WEEKLY** Demand for Printed Material in **YOUR OWN** District and make **LARGE PROFITS** in your **SPARE TIME.** The Possibilities are **ENORMOUS** —the Market **HUGE.** In small villages and large towns all over the country golden opportunities are going begging—simply waiting for Enterprising Men to take advantage of them. Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, Dance and Concert Organisers, etc., etc., all **MUST** have a regular supply of Printed Material from Week to Week. With the aid of my Wonder Working "Adana" Printing Machine **YOU** could easily produce this! And it is just like a pleasant Hobby.

Special Easy Payment Terms
BY SMALL INSTALMENTS!

THE MARVELLOUS "ADANA" ALL-STEEL SUPER 1932 MODEL AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING PRINTING MACHINE.

Solid and Speedy Impression Control, Double Pressed Steel Type Bed, Heavy Pressed Steel Platen. Especially designed for Commercial Use in All Large and Small Printing Establishments.

Makes Printing Simplicity Itself even to Beginners.

45/-

Read How Others MAKE MONEY!

Only 15 Years Old but Earns 30/- per week!

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my heartiest congratulations, for your machine is wonderful. I first took it up as a hobby—but now I am making an average of 30/- per week, which is very good I think for a 15-year-old.
D. E. S. (Liverpool).

"I Am Making A Nice Little Sum."

I received your plant. *It is a "little wonder" machine* and prints beautifully clear. *I have already done 3 big jobs and I am making a nice little sum.* It will print as good as a professional printer can. *I have three orders* for letterheads *waiting now.* (C.H.)

"I Can Think of No Better Investment."

I have no hesitation in saying that, for simplicity, completeness and accuracy at the price *I can think of no better investment* and in my case it will *save its cost in a month.* I have had no experience previously with printing, but owing to the freedom from complicated parts and adjustments *I am already able to turn out what I need immediately with the plant supplied.* (A. R.)

A Golden Key to Money-Making.

I received your printing machine quite safely, and was more than delighted with same. I consider it *a machine that is capable of turning out first class work. It should also prove a golden help to the man or woman who is only blessed with a very small amount of this world's riches.*
(H. S.)

"I Printed 500 Handbills."

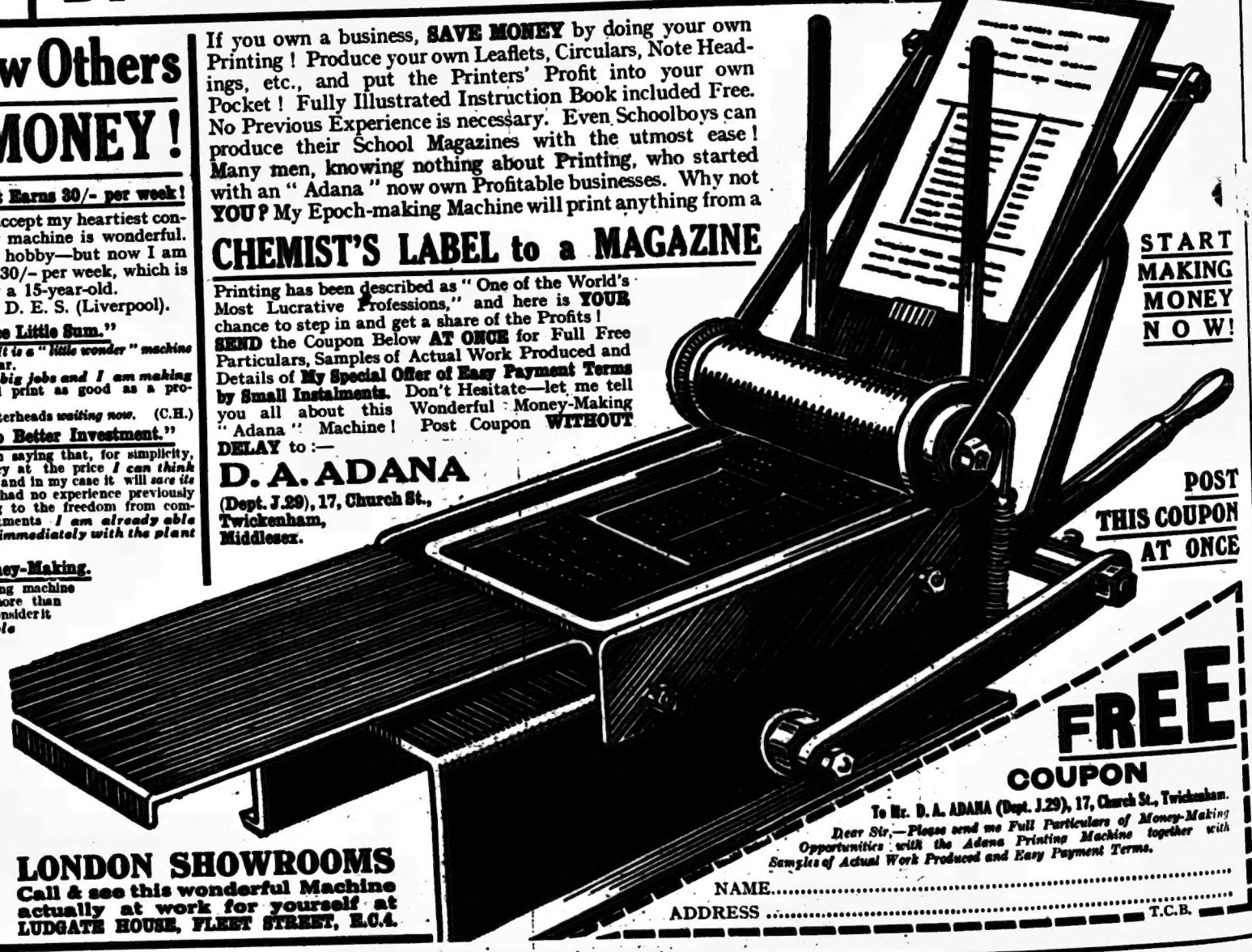
The Adana machine is *wonderful value for money and extremely simple to work. I printed 500 handbills.*
(R. C.)

If you own a business, **SAVE MONEY** by doing your own Printing! Produce your own Leaflets, Circulars, Note Headings, etc., and put the Printers' Profit into your own Pocket! Fully Illustrated Instruction Book included Free. No Previous Experience is necessary. Even Schoolboys can produce their School Magazines with the utmost ease! Many men, knowing nothing about Printing, who started with an "Adana" now own Profitable businesses. Why not **YOU?** My Epoch-making Machine will print anything from a

CHEMIST'S LABEL to a MAGAZINE

Printing has been described as "One of the World's Most Lucrative Professions," and here is **YOUR** chance to step in and get a share of the Profits! **SEND** the Coupon Below **AT ONCE** for Full Free Particulars, Samples of Actual Work Produced and Details of **My Special Offer of Easy Payment Terms by Small Instalments.** Don't Hesitate—let me tell you all about this Wonderful Money-Making "Adana" Machine! Post Coupon **WITHOUT DELAY** to:—

D. A. ADANA
(Dept. J.29), 17, Church St., Twickenham, Middlesex.



START MAKING MONEY NOW!

POST THIS COUPON AT ONCE

LONDON SHOWROOMS
Call & see this wonderful Machine actually at work for yourself at LUDGATE HOUSE, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

FREE COUPON

To Mr. D. A. ADANA (Dept. J.29), 17, Church St., Twickenham.

Dear Sir,—Please send me Full Particulars of Money-Making Opportunities with the Adana Printing Machine together with Samples of Actual Work Produced and Easy Payment Terms.

NAME.....

ADDRESS ..... T.C.B.

£1,250 awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 153.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £625 will be despatched:—
A. Peddlee, 3, Shrewsbury Drive, Lancaster
Mrs. Parsons, 128, Rodney Street, Birkenhead

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 15th, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 13 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £3 17s.

Beaumont, Mrs. F., Market Hill, Coggeshall, Essex; Clement, H. M., Yatton, Nr. Bristol; Dyson, G., 260, Copster Hill Rd., Oldham; Garland, Mrs. N., Bridge End, St. Peters Rd., Bournemouth; Garr, G., 30, Church Lane, Belfast; Kirk, Mrs. C., 6, Albert Square, Gt. Yarmouth; Lancaster, J. W., 22, Merton Rd., Bradford; Mason, W., 28, Ilton Rd., Penylan, Cardiff; Rice, G. P., Dormans, Guildford; Schirn, E. V., 59, Stanhope Rd., Chadwell Heath; Stagg, B., N.E. Hospital, Tottenham, N.15; Vye, A. W. 105, King Edwards Rd., Swansea; Watcham, A. J., Rose Acre, Ashford Rd., Maidstone.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £5 a Week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on Page 40. **Try your Skill Now!**

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